

June 18, 1921

# Leslie's

Price 15 Cents  
20 Cents in Canada



Courtesy Ehrich Galleries, N. Y.

*Julianita—Indian Girl Ready for the Dance*

*Painted by Robert Henri*

# fresh pAint

**N**OTHING is fresher than fresh paint—unless it is each new number of *JUDGE*. It breezes in on the reader like a zephyr filled with sunshine. We don't know just what kind of a zephyr that is, but it sounds sparkling and golden and nice—same as *JUDGE*.

And speaking of fresh paint, Don Herold, cleverest of the new generation of fun-makers, writes the leading article in *JUDGE* for June 18th. It is briefly entitled "He Never Had but One Idea, But It Made Him a Fortune."

The author, who does his own illustrating (see sample at the top of this page), tells how he built up a huge business in the manufacture of **fresh pAinT** signs. You know, the kind of signs they nail on the newly coated woodwork to keep you from smearing your hands and clothes.

We'll bet a can of yellow ochre paint you'll let out a good hearty yawp when you read it.

There are sixty humorous illustrations in this number of *JUDGE*. Also sixty-nine individual jokes, seven stories and articles (each with a guaranteed giggle), ten poems, funny and sentimental, five hilarious departments and—lots and lots of other cheerful stuff.

*JUDGE* is known as "The Happy Medium." It is also the best humorous magazine in America. A single issue will cure the worst case of grouch in any family. Just say to your newsdealer—Give me

# J U D G E

*On sale by live newsdealers everywhere*

Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 8th, 1913 at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. \$7.00 a year, 15¢ a copy, 20¢ in Canada. Published weekly and copyrighted 1921 by the Leslie-Judge Co., Thos B. Felder, Receiver; William Green, Pres.; Douglas H. Cooke, Vice-Pres; E. J. McDonnell, Treas.; W. D. Green, Secretary, 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

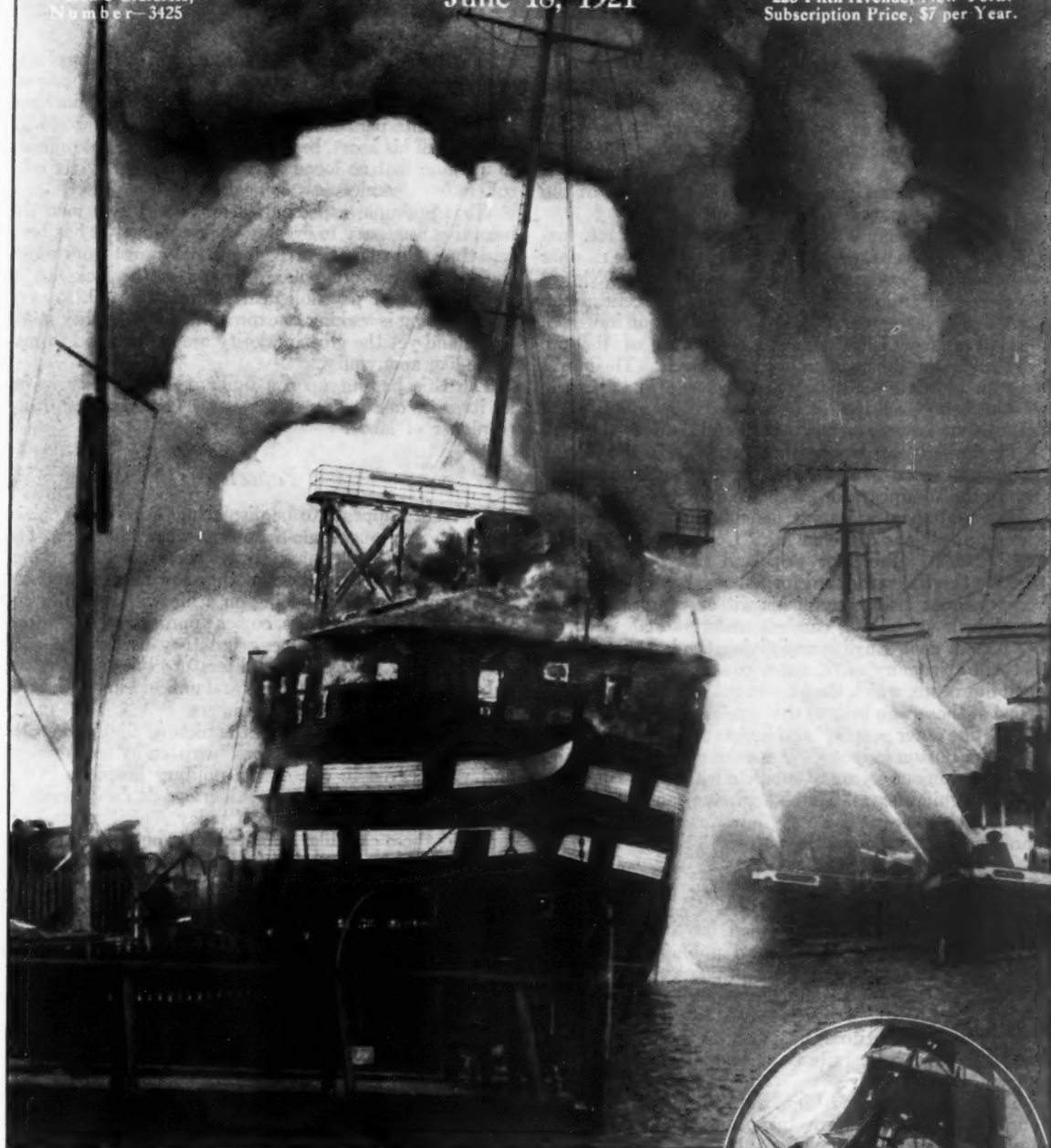
# Leslie's

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

Established Dec. 15, 1855  
Volume CXXXII,  
Number—3425

June 18, 1921

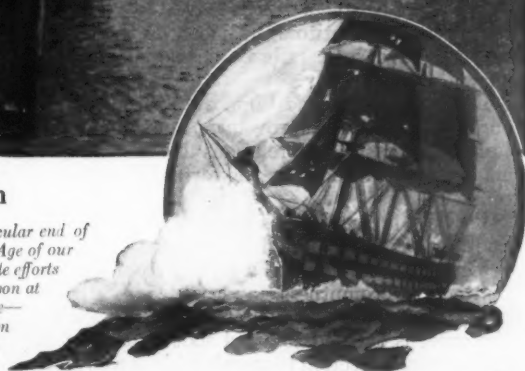
Published by the Leslie-Judge Co.  
225 Fifth Avenue, New York.  
Subscription Price, \$7 per Year.



NEW YORK WORLD

## The Passing of a Grand Old Veteran

**B**BETTER than could any mere words, this photograph tells the story of the spectacular end of the famous old frigate *Granite State*, one of the few survivors of the Golden Age of our American Navy. It was taken the other day while the firemen made frantic but futile efforts to save the historic vessel from flames that mastered her as she lay quietly in the Hudson at New York, where of late she has been serving as a training-ship. The veteran frigate—which was launched in 1818 while President Monroe looked on—has been known successively as the *Alabama*, the *New Hampshire* and the *Granite State*. She carried seventy-eight guns. During the Civil War she saw active service, and when she finally went she was one of the three oldest fighting craft bearing "Old Glory."





### Changing Styles in Professors

THERE has been a noticeable tendency of late, which the war doubtless accelerated, to make college professors more "like other people." Even at Harvard, where old-fashioned scholarship is perhaps more strongly entrenched than in some of the newer universities, this drift is evident.

Professor Yeomans, for instance, who has just resigned as Dean of Harvard, was a good deal more in the manner of the modern business-administrator than his predecessor, the gentle and urbane, though morally forceful, Dean Briggs. The latter was a Cambridge institution in whom, as in President Eliot himself, something of the old transcendental Emersonian spirit survived. Their eyes were on ultimate realities, and they were in the world without being exactly of it.

President Lowell, on the other hand, is more the type of the scholarly corporation lawyer; while in the coming of General Wood to Pennsylvania, we see the tendency toward the administrator-executive, pure and simple.

Here and there are stout defenders of the old order whom no fashions can change. "Copey" of Harvard is one of them. Professor Copeland has been trudging through the Harvard Yard for nobody knows how many years without losing any of his wit or whimsicality, his rare knack at making careless undergraduates see the beauties of good English and giving the least responsive of them a memory of, if not a continuing appetite for, good literature, which they never got anywhere else. He is one of those who believe that professors should not try to be "like other people," and he has stuck to his last.

As the Boston lady said, in speaking of the impossibility of Bostonians trying to compete with New Yorkers in social magnificence: "They've got too much money for us, and it's useless. The only thing for us to do is to be ourselves, and as queer as we can!"

### The Workman's Identity

FOR years the Erie Railroad has been something of a joke to the American public. One of the oldest American railroads in point of service, with terminals in New York and Chicago and a rich trunk-line territory in between, it has nevertheless been limping behind its competitors in most of those things that hitherto have spelt railway development. Jay Gould knew the reason why.

But now that the most important problem confronting our railroads is the improvement not so much of physical equipment as of the relations between employer and employed the Erie is working toward the head of the procession.

Possibly the reader has heard of the Order of the Red Spot. It is composed of Erie engine-drivers who have achieved and maintained a certain fixed standard in the matter of promptness, appearance of their engines, necessary repairs and fuel consumed. Each member of the order is entitled to a red spot on the locomotive he operates, and election to membership is a coveted honor.

But the second degree of the order provides a still more

satisfactory distinction. This is the substitution of the engineer's name in gold letters for the number plate on his cab. No longer is he a mere cog in a huge machine, but a definite personality identified before the world by the work of his heart, brain and hands. It is not difficult to imagine that no locomotive named for its driver ever suffers from carelessness or neglect.

What a simple expedient, after all, to give men the incentive necessary to excel in their calling! It has been said time and again that the industrial unrest from which the world is suffering has its roots in the lack not of material but of psychological rewards for toil. Every human being is seeking to express his individuality in his work, and yet the great majority are condemned to machine-like anonymity.

The Erie has hit upon a fundamental remedy, so far as it goes, one which deserves the attention of every employer of labor.

### Papeete

TAHITI appears to be displacing Paris as the place where pious Anglo-Saxons go when they die. The South Sea isles have always been there, but things seem to get discovered when they are needed, and the recent enthusiastic pouncing on a life without subways, landlords or bathing-suits, comes appropriately at a time when rents are three times what they used to be, jobs harder to get, and not only literature but manners are rebelling against the stuffiness and unnecessary reticences of the much-belabored Victorian era.

It is quite another side of the picture that is revealed in a little book, "Water Colors," written by an American girl who served in one of the military hospitals in the French Riviera. From the "Mariage de Loti" down to the rather banal popularity of today, "civilization" has brought these childlike islanders little but sadness in the end, and it was one of the ironies of war and colonial ownership that the Tahitians should be snatched away from their velvet airs and tepid pools to face the rains and bitter cold of the French front. Their soft tropical bodies soon fell before bronchitis, pneumonia and tuberculosis, and they were brought down to the Riviera to fade away in the sight of palms which made them think of home.

The simpler waited patiently, singing their liquid songs, tucking flowers behind their ears, mourning for their "doux pays." The touch of white blood which the more sophisticated inherited from French fathers or grandfathers only gave them the detachment to see more clearly the tragedy of their race and themselves.

When the dry, hot *mistral* came, their lives swirled away like withered leaves. Even for the Tahitians themselves, life has not been all lotus-eating and blue lagoons.

\* \* \*

WE grieve for those men expelled from Yale because they failed to report fellow students seen cheating in an examination. For cribbers no sympathy; but what about tale-bearers? Heaven help us if inside the university as well as outside every man is to be made his brother's keeper!

The  
smil  
tions

T  
from  
the  
War  
McK  
as t  
war  
to c  
anim  
doct  
on I  
hund  
the c  
tant  
Nav  
near  
To  
way  
Pan-  
ing, a  
B an  
and  
shoul  
plate  
it w  
prese  
retar  
fully  
hour  
Exec  
Th  
ever,  
person  
nam  
Roo  
quest  
dress  
this:  
of th  
the A  
tary c  
the W  
literal  
We  
tory r  
dom  
know  
may  
queath  
names



# MY FATHER'S SHOES

*A Talk with Theodore Roosevelt, Junior*

By RICHARD BARRY



The "T. R." smile that millions loved.



Driving home an important point.



PHOTOS UNDERWOOD

The greatest American of recent years as he appeared on his return from his "River of Doubt" expedition.

**T**WENTY-FOUR years ago the office of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy was just across the street from the White House, in what was then the gray pile known as the State, War and Navy building. When Mr. McKinley told his cabinet one day, as they were considering a possible war with Spain, that he would like to call in a bright young man to animate them with some of his vigorous doctrines the bright young man slipped on his hat and walked about two hundred yards from the desk of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He was very near the White House.

Today the office is way down past the Pan-American building, at the juncture of B and 17th streets, and if Mr. Harding should ever contemplate such a summons it would take the present Assistant Secretary of the Navy fully a quarter of an hour to get to the Executive Mansion.

The office, however, is occupied by a person of the same name—Theodore Roosevelt. The question which I address herewith is this: Is the removal of the proximity of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy to the White House only literal?

We know that history repeats, but seldom echoes. We know that fortunes may be easily bequeathed to a beloved namesake—if they

are not political. We know that a great name is a force to conjure with.

We also know that the sons of great men seldom inherit the abilities, and less often register the achievements of their sires or grandsires. For every John Quincy Adams there are scores of James G. Blaine, juniors. For every Benjamin Harrison there are hundreds of Webb Hayeses, and few Grants.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that being the son of a great man is not an insuperable handicap to glory. It is a very, very stiff obstacle, to be sure. Yet, witness the case of the younger Pitt. And Cato the Younger

was the son of Cato the Elder. Man can triumph over all things—even over that which is expected of him. But will he? Therein lies the suspense of the racing spectacle.

Meanwhile, let us be fair to Theodore, junior. One of our reasons for loving the father was that, though a rich man's son, he yet earned his way by the sweat of his brow, and vicariously achieved among the many millions. Shall we deny his offspring a like privilege?

I address the thinking. The unthinking have already swallowed the Roosevelt heritage. If the trademark is blown in the bottle they ask no further questions. But to those who look beyond the lettering to the quality of the glass this little study, revolving about its interview may prove illuminating.



KEYSTONE

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and the members of his family. This photograph was taken when "Teddy, Jr." was a Lieutenant-Colonel. The children are (left to right): Theodore, Cornelius and Grace.



KEYSTONE

Few who knew Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., when he looked like this dreamed of the tremendous future that was awaiting him. Theodore, Junior, has had a career that very closely parallels that of his great father. However, he has never been a cowboy.

So far—i. e., into the third decade—there is a strange similarity in the two careers. Theodore Roosevelt graduated from Harvard. So did Junior. Theodore Roosevelt was elected to the Assembly of the State of New York. So was Junior. Theodore Roosevelt was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy. So was Junior. Theodore Roosevelt became a Colonel in the armies of the United States. So did Junior.

There are slight differences, especially in the chronology. For instance, Junior became a Colonel before, not after, he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as did his father. And he was a Colonel of infantry, not of cavalry as was his father.

Are these differences vital? Is the cavalry so much more picturesque than the infantry that it alone can furnish stuff for the fashioning of a popular political career? And is it less possible for a man to go from the navy direct to high elective office than from the army?

There is one other point of similarity, one not often stressed in political horoscopes. Theodore Roosevelt, though never dependent on his own efforts for a living, was always a money-maker and a money-saver. Junior, during ten years in business in New York, laid aside enough money to be thoroughly independent, so that when a little over thirty he could retire permanently from active money-making with an income sufficient to meet all normal wants for the balance of his life.

Thus, one can readily see, there is no logical reason why Junior should not be President of the United States were it not for the perversity of lightning when expected to strike twice in the same place.

However, a very great many people in this country believe he will be President

some time. I heard an immense audience, after he had addressed it, in Pittsburgh only the other day, vigorously cheer this sentiment. Then I discovered that he had been back and forth twice across the continent, addressing audiences in every State. I looked up the newspaper clippings. In 27 newspapers the idea had been put forth seriously.

Therefore, it is something to consider. Enough of that and the fact is accomplished. Public opinion is the stuff out of which politicians fashion their careers. Newspapers plus audiences, or audiences plus newspapers, make us what we are—in a sense.

So I traveled recently down to B and 17th Streets and sent in my name, and after a cordial greeting in which reverberated "How are you old-timer?" which somehow crept through the eardrums as if it had come from the needle of a phonograph, I asked the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy how it feels to wear his father's shoes.

He blinked as though the question were not obvious, and then, like the good sport that he is, set himself seriously to answer it. Strange as it may seem, no one had ever put it to him that way before. Whatever anyone else may think, Junior is thoroughly convinced that he is wearing no one's shoes but his own; yet no one could be more loyal and devoted to a memory than is he to his father's.

"Many officers of the navy who have

among the navy personnel than he did when he took office. He, however, though he had not a large acquaintance with the personnel, had devoted careful thought and study to naval matters. This you can see if you will read his history of the naval war of 1812, which is considered one of the authoritative books on this trouble.

"Some of my earliest recollections in Washington are centered around the Navy Department. I was a boy eight or nine years old when my father was Assistant Secretary. I can remember how enthralled I was when I came down at various times to see him in the office and went over the models of the naval vessels. It was, however, during the seven years when he was in the White House that I came into really close contact with naval men and naval affairs. As I have said before, the navy was at all times a subject of deep interest to my father. For that reason, at the table, on horseback rides, in conferences during the evening, I was continually hearing him discuss with other men these problems.

"For this reason, if for no other, it is a very real pleasure for me to be serving in my present position. I am convinced that the navy is of prime importance to our nation, and I earnestly hope that the country will never deviate from its policy of maintaining a fine fighting fleet at high efficiency."

The thoughts which animated the



UNDERWOOD

Mr. Roosevelt enjoys a little chat with the engineer of the train on which he is riding. Hundreds of railroad men will remember to their last day somewhat similar events in which they figured prominently.

called on me in the past ten weeks," he said, "have spoken of my father and recalled the things he did for them and for the navy when he was here. As you know, he was always a firm believer in and a warm advocate of the navy. On account of my father's service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and our close association with this branch of the government, during the time he was President, I have, perhaps, more personal friends

interviewer during this conversation were such as these: Does he feel overshadowed by his father's name; does he trade on it or does he avoid doing so; is it a liability or is it an asset, or both, and to what extent? I remembered the talk just before the armistice which indicated that young Roosevelt might have been elevated to a generality, his achievements in France entitling him to it, if it had not been considered inexpedient from a

political point of view to give one of his name that rank. In such a case it was a handicap to bear the name Theodore Roosevelt. I asked him to express himself along this line, but he was loath to do so.

"It would be misunderstood," he replied to my query, "if I should say that my name has the liabilities of its assets, besides it is difficult to tell to just what extent this is true."

"Aren't you the heir of your father's animosities as well as of his friendships?"

"I suppose so, but naturally I hear of the friendships rather than of the animosities."

"Don't people come forward and hold you to account for things he said and did?"

"No, I think the respect for a great man just dead is too strong to permit that. Many come to assure me of their friendship for me based on their friendship for my father, but none who disliked him come and tell me so. That is not human nature. The people who dislike you confine themselves to telling other people of their opinions. The people who like you come and tell you. However, I guess I understand what you are driving at. You mean, are my father's ideas ever quoted in opposition to any particular stand that I am taking. As a matter of fact this has been done."

"What do you reply?"

"I do not reply directly by quoting him.

ample, all orators on every side endeavor at this time to call upon Lincoln to justify their actions. It is possible to twist a single line from a speech to mean almost anything. There is nothing I object to more than the actions of many base and small-minded people who, to further their own individual ambitions, continually call on my father's name, endeavoring to wrap themselves in his mantle. It is perfectly right and proper for those who are working for the same underlying ideals which he had to say so, but they should be sure that they are working for his ideals and that they understand what his ideals meant."

"Do you endorse his policies?"

"Yes."

"All of them?"

"Yes, though it would be fairer to say that I endorse his principles and realize that the application of those principles today may require a different interpretation from the one which he gave at a different time under different conditions."

"When you face an audience does it ever come over you that many who look upon you and listen to you are visualizing your father in your place?"

"You novelists," Roosevelt replied, "are not practical. You are constantly attributing to people thoughts which are too subtle for them to have in an everyday world. You are imagining in me what I suppose you would call a complex. Well, I have nothing of the sort. When I



© UNDERWOOD

A rather unusual snapshot of Mr. Roosevelt. It was taken while he was inspecting the Panama Canal when he was President.

rule, critical. If he does not come up to their ideas of what is proper, they damn him more than is justified. If, on the other hand, he plays the game square, and puts everything he has got into what he is doing, they tend to give him more credit than is due him. In other words, in the final analysis it is up to the individual concerned and every tub must stand on its own bottom."

\* \* \* \*

From a Letter Written by His Father  
To Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. \*

"On Board U. S. S. Louisiana,  
"November 14, 1906.

"Dear Ted:

I am very glad to have taken this trip, although as usual I am bored by the sea. Everything has been smooth as possible, and it has been lovely having Mother along. It gives me great pride in America to be aboard this great battleship and to see not only the material perfection of the ship herself in engines, guns and all arrangements, but the fine quality of the officers and crew. . . . I am no great believer in the superiority of times past; and I have no question that the officers and men of our Navy now are in point of fighting capacity better than in the times of Drake and Nelson; and morally and in physical surroundings the advantage is infinitely in our favor.

"It was delightful to have you two or three days at Washington. Blessed old fellow, you had a pretty hard time in college this fall; but it can't be helped, Ted; as one grows older the bitter and the sweet keep coming together. The only thing to do is to grin and bear it, to flinch as little as possible under the punishment, and to keep pegging steadily away until the luck turns."

\* Reprinted by courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons, from "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to his Children." Copyright 1919, by Charles Scribner's Sons.



KEYSTONE

A Roosevelt family group taken before the birth of Quentin. The older girl is now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. The younger is Mrs. Richard Derby. The three boys, Theodore, Jr., Archie and Kermil, are easily identifiable.

For example, last year certain paragraphs from his writings were taken and used in a speech against a fight that I was making. I had in my possession, at the time, his exact opinions backing up my stand, but I refused to use them. I feel very strongly that quoting great men who are dead in order to gain for yourself or your actions the prestige of their names is something that should be done only with the greatest caution. For ex-

stand before an audience the only thing I am thinking of is how to say best what I want to say."

"Then, is there no occasion," I insisted, "when you feel your father's mantle, as reflected in the attitude toward you of others?"

"Not exactly," he answered, "but I see what you mean just the same. It amounts to this: If a man has had exceptional opportunities, people are as a



## COACHING A CRACK CREW IN CHOICE ENGLISH

*Professor Spaeth's Achievement at Princeton, with News  
of Other Boats on Trial*

By HEYWOOD BROWN



INTERNATIONAL



© KEYSTONE

*The Princeton Crew (the "A Varsity") immediately following the finish of the triangular race in New York, in which both Princeton and Pennsylvania were defeated by Columbia. "Varsity B," the Tigers' second*

*crew, conclusively proved that it was the best combination sporting the orange and black. Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth, Princeton's remarkable coach, who teaches English literature also, appears in the inset.*

THE professor in politics seems to be out of favor for the present, but the professor in aquatics is just coming into his own. Specifically, I have in mind Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth of Princeton, professor of English literature and coach of the University crews. During the morning Dr. Spaeth in his class-room teaches the young idea to shoot, but when afternoon comes round and he is at the lake he adds the postscript, "But not the slides."

No tribute can be paid to Princeton rowing without some mention of Andrew Carnegie. For years there were many pairs of young shoulders at Princeton seemingly designed by Destiny to pull an oar, and there was Tiger grit, and Dr. Spaeth, but there were no crews for want of a place to put them. Destiny had overlooked the necessity of providing water as well as potential oarsmen and a great coach. It was then that Mr. Carnegie came along and made up for the manifest error of Destiny by providing the funds for building Carnegie Lake.

Possibly Destiny made no mistake, but merely had the interests of Harvard and Cornell at heart. Carnegie was less partisan and by giving Princeton water he gave her victories too. No sooner was there a lake than the Tigers took to it and this year they have reached a point in rowing where they stand only second to Columbia, and even here there is a

possibility of dispute, although the burden of proof rests on Princeton.

Dr. Spaeth is not only amazingly proficient in the technique of rowing, but he is also a keen judge of men. The psychological factor enters strongly into crew racing, and many a man whose form is perfect is less useful in a big race than a less finished oarsman. It is up to the coach to make the decision.

The one which confronted Spaeth this year was unusually difficult. He built around the returning captain and stroke oar his varsity crew. This eight of Captain Creswell's was a good one, but presently Dr. Spaeth discovered that his second crew, varsity B, stroked by Heinie Leh, was even better than his first. Princeton has a long rowing schedule, including many early contests, and Dr.



© UNDERWOOD

*This is the Yale aggregation which will meet the boys from Harvard on June 24th. This year both Yale and Harvard have met decisive defeats, and neither is in the championship class. Nevertheless, the struggle at New London will be a great one.*

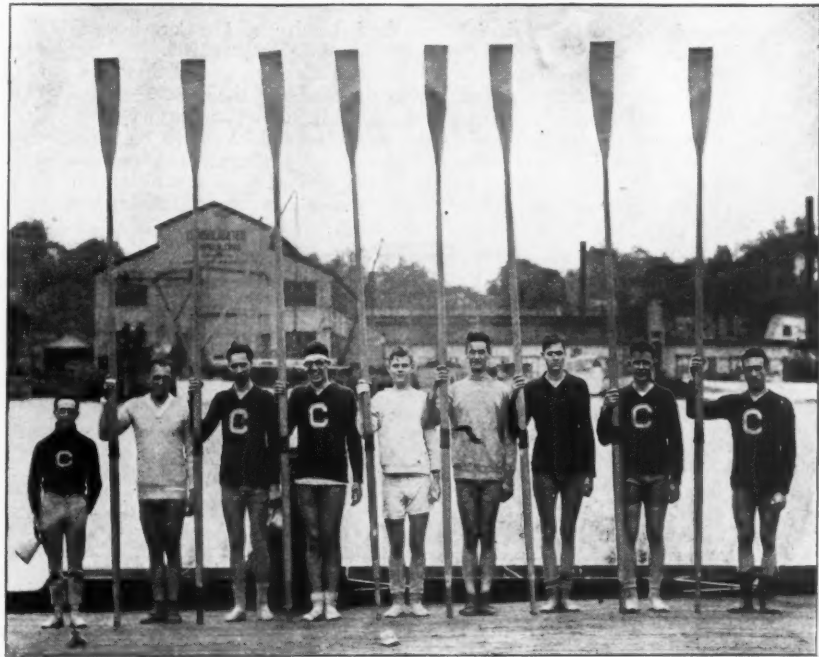


Spaeth feared to tinker around with any combination of his two crews and so he let "A" continue to call itself "A," but when the first big test came against Annapolis and Harvard it was crew "B" which went to the line to represent Princeton.

The Navy men were heavy favorites in the race. Theirs was the same eight, with two exceptions, which went to the Olympic games at Antwerp and defeated the Leander crew for the championship of the world. Princeton, however, proved itself a district not yet heard from and won from the Navy by three-quarters of a length. Harvard was far behind and had no real share in the contest.

The most noteworthy factor in the victory was that Princeton showed itself proficient in the very qualities for which the Navy was famed. Big and powerful, the Annapolis crew had hitherto been able to set so fast a stroke and one so high that all rivals were killed off in the early stages of a contest. But in this race Princeton immediately took the lead and held it all the way except for a brief moment at the mile post. Here Leh, the Tiger stroke, caught a crab and in the consequent disunion the Navy crept ahead. Princeton was itself again in a moment and, without even waiting for a breathing space to re-establish perfect co-ordination, Leh, the erring stroke, arrogantly called for a spurt and won back the missing distance.

Coming toward the finish the Navy found that Princeton could not only set a pace but increase it, too, when the time came, and at the end the Tigers' blades were going forty to the minute and their shell was pulling away inch by inch and foot by foot from the midshipmen. The



© UNDERWOOD

*This year Columbia once more finds itself boasting of a first-rate aggregation of oarsmen, which is synonymous with saying that Columbia has a crack crew. Given good material, Jim Rice can't fail to produce a winner. Princeton's defeat at the hands of the Morningside huskies is still keeping the tongues of the experts wagging, and the Jerseyites are still lamenting the fact that Dr. Spaeth decided to use "Varsity A" on that notable occasion instead of "Varsity B," Princeton's best crew.*

beauty of a fine crew lies in the way in which the shell runs along under its own momentum between strokes. Princeton's boat seemed like a motorcraft so smoothly and surely did it keep an even keel and an even pace.

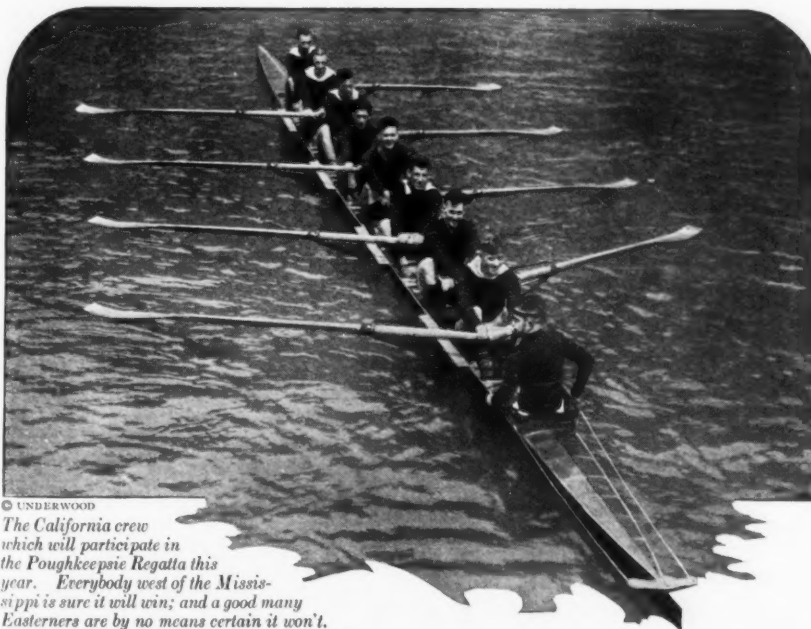
But with a great victory in hand Dr. Spaeth made what seems in the light of later events a tactical error. He was eager to introduce to the world not one great crew but two and so he sent his A varsity to the Childs Cup Regatta in New York, and it was defeated decisively by

Columbia. It is fair to add, then, that professorial training is not necessarily essential for crew coaches.

Jim Rice of Columbia knows little or nothing about Chaucer and probably would perform most indifferently if asked to write an essay on the meters of Shakespeare, but no don is any wiser than he in the rhythms of rowing. Jim Rice is professor of aquatics and nothing else, though as a matter of fact he can talk and write interestingly about rowing as well as teach it. He is one of the few men who is able to make the jargon of "catch" and "recovery" and "spacing" intelligible.

Still the race between Columbia and Princeton on the Harlem River was, roughly at any rate, a contest between a man of practice and one of theory. This time the machine of the English professor was no better than second. Although Dr. Spaeth may have made an error in sending his A varsity instead of the winning B crew, he had the excuse that his better crew had not quite recovered from the strain of its gruelling contest with the Navy.

Rice's path to victory, however, by no means led through a lane of floating roses. On the very eve of the regatta Van Houten, the captain of the Columbia crew, was taken ill and it was necessary to find a substitute. Waldecker, a veteran who had decided not to row this year, was hastily summoned and prevailed upon to change his mind. He fitted perfectly into the combination and Columbia won by half a



© UNDERWOOD

*The California crew which will participate in the Poughkeepsie Regatta this year. Everybody west of the Mississippi is sure it will win; and a good many Easterners are by no means certain it won't.*

length. Pennsylvania participated, but was not prominent.

In addition to finding an oarsman on short notice Rice also had to contend with the fact that Columbia's crew is aimed primarily at the Poughkeepsie regatta, which is a four-mile race, while the Childs Cup contest is at two miles, a distance more familiar to the Tiger crew, which is prepared for no long races. Columbia, accordingly, has been taught a somewhat longer stroke than Princeton, and does not get the beat so high. In the race on the Harlem the blue-and-white oarsmen were generally tugging away at about thirty to the minute and sometimes they dropped as low as twenty-eight, but even with a lower stroke they were able to hold their own and a little more with Princeton, while in the brief thirty-eight-stroke driving finish they pulled away neatly from their rivals.

If Columbia wins at Poughkeepsie on June 22 her claim to the rowing championship of the year will be clear. Other possibilities might throw the mythical title into discussion, for after losing to Columbia Dr. Spaeth had recourse to his B eight again and won easily from Cornell and Yale on Lake Cayuga, on May 21. Cornell was three lengths behind, and Yale all of seven.

John Hoyle, the successor of the late Charles Courtney, tried the interesting experiment of taking his crack freshmen crew of last year and making it the varsity boat. Only one change was made in the makeup of the eight from the year before, and the newcomer was also a sophomore.

AS freshmen the eight had made better time than the winners of the big race at Poughkeepsie and they were brimful of confidence. And yet this optimistic spirit was sadly shaken before the race was done. At the halfway mark Kells, the Cornell bow oar, caught a crab and lost much distance. Old Cornell oarsmen shook their heads disconsolately over this mishap and one statistician came forward with the information that this

was the first crab caught by Cornell in any match race since the year 1909.

Princeton has now beaten all the Poughkeepsie contenders in the East, except Columbia, and it will meet another if California comes East and keeps the tentative date for a brush at Carnegie Lake on June 4. The experts who have seen pictures of the Westerners at work say that the crew

along with them whenever it got in the way. And yet in spite of all this, the young giants did make their boat go. They were always up with the leaders. Crews which rowed prettily dropped behind them as they continued to thrash the water and beat it back. Finally, with the finish line in sight, Syracuse nosed out the Westerners by about fifteen

feet in one of the closest finishes ever seen on the Hudson. As a matter of fact, after the race one of the Californians confessed that his boat might have won, but that he and his mates didn't know their way around the river very well and thought there was quite a piece still to go.

There was no launch for Leland Stanford and after finishing the race the crew had to row four miles more to get to its boathouse. Accordingly, none of them was able to indulge in the luxury of fainting, but all sat up

straight and went swinging back along the course on which they had come.

Not much mention of Yale and Harvard has been made in this article because both eights have been soundly beaten by rival crews, but if anybody thinks that this will have any effect upon the attendance and the enthusiasm of the graduate and undergraduate turnout at New London on June 24 he simply doesn't understand the nature of Yale and Harvard rivalry.

THE endless conflict between the two is distinctly a private fight. Yale and Harvard like championships, though neither gets many these days, but victories over each other are still more valuable. A Yale eleven which lost every football game of the season and then soundly trounced Harvard would feel that it had gone through a successful season, and Harvard's athletic psychology is similar.

Then, too, the race at New London is easier to watch than the one on the Hudson. The trains keep closer to the crews and there aren't so many to watch. Easier, too, a Poughkeepsie devotee might scoff, because they don't go as fast.



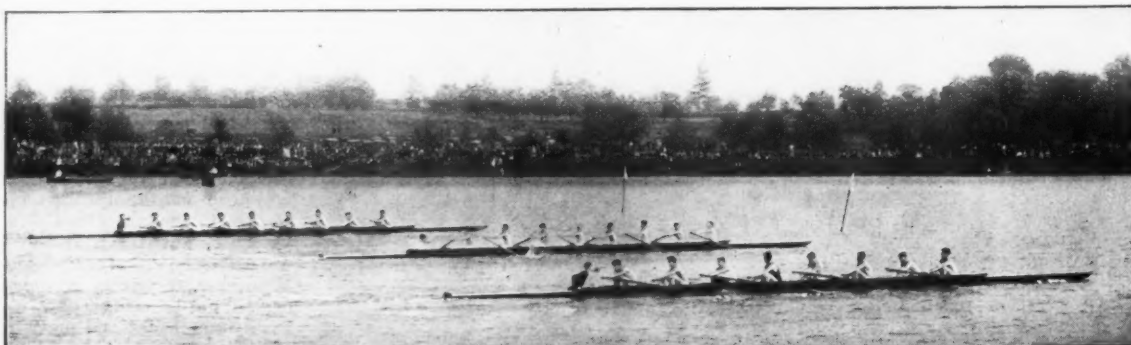
UNDERWOOD

John Hoyle, Charles Courtney's successor at Cornell, tried the interesting experiment of taking last year's crack freshman crew and making it the varsity boat. The experiment was not a success, and for the first time in years Cornell has not a great crew.

can not possibly be a serious contender because it has horrid faults of form and bends at the wrong places and bulges out in others where it should not. The experts are very solicitous about form, and it must be admitted that it generally prevails.

AND yet there was one great year at Poughkeepsie when the experts were all but confounded. Their reputations were saved by only ten or fifteen feet of shell length. And it was an eight from California, the Leland Stanford crew, which nearly overturned the entire theory of watermanship in the great race of 1915. The experts gave the visitors careful consideration before the race and then cast them out as utter heretics. It was a big strong crew, but it did everything wrong. It was the crudest crew that ever came upon the river.

When the race began the Leland Stanford men brought all their faults into the contest. Co-ordination was slight. All eight men slugged and tugged pretty much on their own account. Great jets of water cascaded about the shell. Indeed, some of the oarsmen seemed inclined to pick up the river and carry it



UNDERWOOD

Thrilling finishes are not confined to the great classics. Here, for example, is one that threw thousands at Lake Carnegie, Princeton, into hysterics the other day. It is the final spurt in the race between Princeton's second

and third oetlets and the Choate School's crew. The Junior Tigers went down in defeat, the younger men nosing out the second crew by five feet, but to those watching the contest from the shore it looked like a "dead heat."



DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR LESLIE'S BY CLIVE WEED

*"Hey, old chap, let ME tell you how to lighten the load."*





"She brought me up—all by herself. Her husband deserted her when I was four years old."

## THE WATCHMAKER

By FREDERIC BOUTET

Translated from the French by WILLIAM L. MCPHERSON. Illustrated by HAROLD ANDERSON

ALL the clocks were striking three as the stranger entered the narrow little shop, whose placid interior contrasted strangely with the bustle of the street outside.

"I want a crystal for my watch," he said, with a touch of foreign accent. He held out to the watchmaker an old nickel time-piece.

The watchmaker, in a white blouse, sat before a little work-table. Armed with a magnifying glass and a delicate pair of pincers, he was tinkering at some watch-wheels and making sour faces at his task.



"I thought perhaps I might be forgiven."

He seemed to be about thirty years old and had a bilious face and thin yellow hair.

He reached over for the case.

"It isn't much of a watch," he said, in a tone of disgust.

"It's better than nothing," the stranger replied.

The latter was a man well on in years, with a wrinkled countenance and a short, gray mustache. He wore a check suit, which had seen much hard use, and an old soft hat. For a moment he stared silently at the watchmaker, who was hunting for a crystal.

"Your name is Fernand Borel, isn't it?" he asked suddenly.

The watchmaker lifted his head in astonishment.

"It's written over the door," he said drily.

"You were born in the Rue Quincampoix," the other continued. "You are thirty-two years old, and your father?"

"Are you from Police Headquarters?" the watchmaker interrupted.

"No. But answer me. That can't do you any harm, can it?"

"Well, yes, I am Fernand Borel. I was born in the Rue Quincampoix. I am thirty-two. But how do these things concern you?"

"Your father had a hardware shop, didn't he? His name was Bernard Borel?"

"I haven't any father. I never knew anything about him. I had a mother. She brought me up. I don't say that she

spoiled me; but she brought me up—all by herself. Her husband deserted her when I was four years old. He had nothing against her—nothing of that sort. He sold the hardware store without telling anyone and one fine day he decamped with the money, abandoning mother and me. We never saw him again. If that is what you may call a father—well, I tell you I haven't any."

"I am your father," the stranger said, in a low voice.

The watchmaker jumped forward and then recoiled a step.

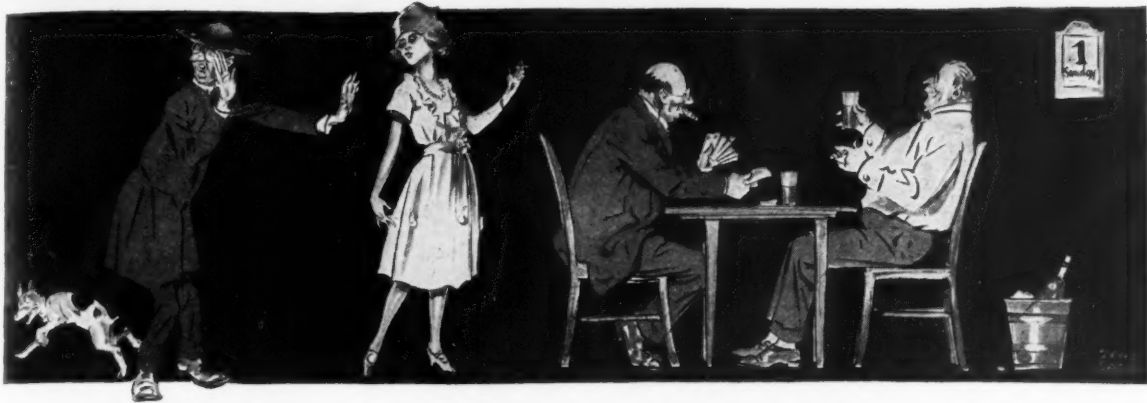
Stupefied, he looked at the other, who, with lowered eyes, repeated:

(Continued on page 672)



"I was ambitious. I should have liked to study, to become somebody. I couldn't."





## BLUE LAWS, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

*What History Teaches Us We May Expect if Their Advocates Succeed*

By GUSTAVUS MYERS, Author of "Ye Olden Blue Laws," Etc.

Illustrated by TONY SARG

**R**ICHARD BERRY and William Griffin and his wife, and Richard Mitchell and his wife, for playing at cards, were fined each of them forty shillings, according to the law, for the use of the colony."

It was a friendly game on a week-day evening in the home of one of the couples, a purely domestic affair, involving no gambling, yet it was a heinous crime in both Puritan and Pilgrim law which prohibited card-playing at any time or place. It was even a crime to import or possess cards. Spies were employed to pry about, glean information of just such offenses, and report it to the authorities.

This case, which came up before the court at New Plymouth, Massachusetts, on October 5, 1663, was but one of many violations of the code of blue laws. Remote as that time and archaic as its standards may seem, they become of sudden and surprising present importance in view of the organized attempts to restore many of the ancient laws. Realizing that the very mention of blue laws bears with it a certain dread and odium in the popular mind, the movements carrying on systematic agitation disclaim any purpose of reviving long-obsolete codes; they even deny that there ever were any blue laws.

"It is scarcely necessary to say," asserted one of their advocates recently, "that there is not a scintilla of evidence in the colonial archives or anywhere else to show that the laws referred to were ever enacted."

**T**HE eminent minister making this declaration should have consulted the statute books and court records of settlement and colonial periods. The official archives of those times not only contain a mass of blue laws on every conceivable subject, but the court records reveal the not inconsiderable number of offenders sentenced under them. Moreover, remnants of those blue laws are on the statute books of some States to this very day.

The Puritan age was distinguished by a frenzied, tenacious effort on the part of

ministers controlling both Church and State to brand joy as vicious and criminal. Apparently the same attempt is now being renewed, for although theologian-reformers no longer control civil affairs, they believe that they can swing legislative action. Having already tasted of power in influencing legislative bodies to outlaw drink and pass censorship bills, they are elated with the idea that movements led by them can extract any laws demanded. In the same breath that they deny their intention to restore blue laws, they exalt Puritan ideals and methods as their great pattern, and propose injecting them bodily by force of law into our present law.

At a distance, and rose-colored by fanciful history, Puritan ideals may seem the attractive creations of a pious, sober, law-abiding people. But when we get in closer contact by a study of their own records we find an entirely different picture.

**T**HE Puritan people were one thing, and the Puritan theocracy was altogether another. The Puritan people had a due appreciation of harmless amusements, but the Puritan theocracy was determined that the people should not be allowed to partake of pleasure. It tended, Puritan preachers held, to draw folks away from the Church and undermine its power, and thus (by the theologian's process of reasoning) was a proved sinister device of Satan to disintegrate the Church and demoralize the people.

Pleasure, therefore, had to be sternly suppressed, and Puritan legislators decreed a host of laws in the systematic effort to accomplish their purpose. They went to extraordinary lengths. Our modern blue-law proponents disclaim any aim of going to extremes. So did the Puritan legislators when they started out on their joy-extirpating campaign. But their repressions gradually reached a point where it was even criminal for husband and wife to romp in the open.

This is no invention of absurd fancy.

In the first snowstorm in the fall of 1663, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Earle felt an irresistible desire to frolic. They were merely hilariously enjoying themselves when they were arrested for unseemly conduct. The court record authentically reads: "Ralph Earle, for drawing his wife in an uncivil manner on the snow, is fined twenty shillings." This is a typical, not an exceptional, case.

To many accustomed to our present liberal standards, it may seem ludicrously improbable that we can ever return to such repressive impositions. Perhaps we shall not. But it is well to recall that most Americans of a generation ago decided the suggestion that the time would soon come when it would be a criminal offense to procure a taste of liquor, and a greater crime to make it. Yet we now have that kind of prohibition—at least on the statute books. It is not an easy prohibition to enforce, as the increasing swarm of home brews and private stills attest.

**T**HE enforcement of other kinds of prohibition, if enacted, will be easier. The concocting of home-made drinks is necessarily done in secret and tolerably shielded from detection. No government, even a rich one like the American, could employ the enormous force of spies needed to make domiciliary visits without running risk of being bankrupted. But such visible manifestations and acts as Sunday play, sports, travel and amusements, the sale of tobacco and smoking in the open can be much more effectively stopped, or at any rate very unpleasantly interfered with.

When liquor prohibition was being agitated some far-sighted individuals, noting the trend of the organizations demanding it, predicted that tobacco would be next on the proscribed list. This prediction was ridiculed. Today, it is being taken with greater seriousness.

Balzac has remarked that the collective memory is short. Perhaps that is the reason why one organization which

"In the first snow-storm in the fall of 1663, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Earle felt an irresistible desire to frolic. They were merely hilariously enjoying themselves when they were arrested for un-seemly conduct."



exerted a powerful influence in bringing about prohibition is now using much the identical arguments against tobacco. Instead of becoming defunct, the National Women's Christian Temperance Union has simply converted itself from an anti-liquor into an anti-tobacco organization, and is now circulating myriads of leaflets, and otherwise warring against tobacco.

**F**OR my part, I am neither defending nor assailing the tobacco habit. The question is simply whether laws framed to extinguish it can succeed. The present crusaders, with a large, abiding belief in the efficacy of habit-controlling laws, think they can. This is what Puritan legislators thought; they believed that force of law could accomplish the most miraculous changes in conduct. Although present antagonists of tobacco do not seem to know it, their proposals are a repetition of what the Puritan leaders tried, only to meet with disastrous failure.

Puritan legislation against tobacco began in 1829 when the planting and sale of tobacco in Massachusetts Colony was absolutely forbidden except for medicinal purposes. When an increasing number of people today find that their ailments are of a character demanding a physician's prescription for liquor, they (although unaware of the fact) are merely imitating a favorite Puritan tactic. Any Puritan having the means and influence could easily manage to provide himself a goodly stock of tobacco and could prove that his malady required it.

As many an influential Puritan smoked, the legislators did not dare antagonize them, and later Massachusetts laws against tobacco were so fashioned that the prohibition was virtually confined to indentured workmen and other "inferiors."

These had their own ways of evading the laws by smoking clandestinely, and so heartily did they do it that they smoked away those particular laws, which by 1680 became legally recognized as dead letters.

Those now attacking tobacco assert that one of its worst modern features is

smoking on the streets; time was, they say, when this practice was unknown in America. This is one of those imaginative views seeking to gild the past and indict the present.

In 1638 the Pilgrims of Plymouth Colony passed a law imposing a heavy fine for smoking on the streets, but it was only regarded when a constable was in sight, and some constables, themselves devotees of the weed, were adepts in the art of looking the other way.

Between 1641 and 1649 the Pilgrims passed a succession of laws against tobacco. One which prohibited importation simply incited smuggling. Others, forbidding smoking, became jests.

Baffled in their attempts to prevent the use of tobacco, Pilgrim legislators finally confined themselves to a law fining anyone

found guilty of smoking tobacco on the Sabbath, going or coming, within two miles of a church. Many a church-goer responded by traveling on devious paths, hiding his pipe just before reaching



church and resuming it on his homeward way. In Connecticut, too, there was a law—that of 1647—which forbade smoking on the streets and restricting smokers to one solitary smoke a day at home. The settlers defied it, and it presently became an obsolete curiosity.

Can present movements succeed where Puritans and Pilgrims failed? There were comparatively few early colonists and it was passably easy to note how each individual acted and what he did. If, under those conditions, the people were able to turn laws into laughing-stocks, what chance would similar laws have if combated by large numbers among our millions today?

**S**TRINGENT measures other than those proposed against tobacco are being demanded by the Lord's Day Alliance of the United States, and kindred organizations, which are seemingly unaware that these, also, were all attempted during the early periods of this country's history.

Laws are urged making a crime of doing on Sunday many things which are now lawful or at least allowable. Strict Sabbatarians would enforce and strengthen such survivals of the old blue laws as remain, or exact new ones abolishing Sunday sports, recreations and amusements, closing all stores, and drastically restricting Sunday traveling.

The Lord's Day Alliance does not go so far as to say that it would prohibit all play on Sunday, but it does announce its intense opposition to what it calls "commercialized sports," such as motion pictures, baseball, and the like. By "commercialized sports" it means games or sports which people pay money to see on Sunday. Evidently it is because they aim to focus attention exclusively upon church affairs that the leaders of the Lord's Day Alliance seek to efface any thing they regard of a competitive nature, for they also announce that they favor laws prohibiting all kinds of games, whether for pay or not, which interfere with church services.

This was the very idea back of the whole array of Puritan blue laws; the object of which was by prohibiting everything else to leave people no alternative but to go to church.

First, the Puritan ministers obtained laws in 1634, (Continued on page 671)

"An increasing number of people today find that their ailments are of a character demanding a physician's prescription."

# AS WE WERE SAYING

By  
ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

## WHAT THE PICTURE MEANS

FOR years magazine readers have been schooled to look for the printed line which tells them "what the picture means." This is true of newspaper readers, also. "What does it say, Mama?" lisps the babe. "Read it to me, Emmy; I can't find my glasses," quavers the octogenarian. Really, it isn't fair to the people to do what a leading monthly did last issue. Namely, to print a colored cover of a highly inoffensive golf girl, and under it the line, "Enemies of the Republic." The complex this must have caused in many a literal mind need only be suggested. Editors who put announcements of irrelevant feature articles in the place where the gentle reader expects to find "what the picture means" should prepare their subscribers for so radical an innovation. As more and more of them are doing this, some sort of code system should be established for pretty-girl covers. Something on this order, for example:

Girl with Tennis Racquet. Means article entitled, "Should Europe's Debt to the United States Be Cancelled?"

Girl with a Red Sunshade in a Canoe. Signifies article, "Defiant Moonshiners of the Tennessee Mountains."

Girl in One-Piece Bathing-Suit. Means article on "Japan—Is She Preparing for a War of Conquest?"

Girl in Yachting Cap. Means article headed, "Is the Federal Reserve Law a Failure?"

But you get the idea. And in time the others will.

"IT is the law of the land," said a judge, reprovingly, "and no matter how unpopular it is, it must be obeyed because it is the law of the land." That settles it, of course. Only—if you go back a few years in American history (which nobody does)—you will find it was much the same line of talk that the Tories used to hand out when the Stamp Act was passed and put into effect. The Dred Scott decision was law of the land, too, once.

## A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

"CURIOUS" writes to a newspaper, asking why ice-cream doesn't drop in price now that all its separate ingredi-

ents have dropped. The reason, O Curious, is because so many ice-cream patrons are young and unmarried. Millions of gallons of cream are bought each and every evening by young men out with "the girl." What chance is there that they will start a buyers' strike? Buyers' strikes are for pinched and desperate married folk, and have to do with such prosy, unromantic commodities as clothes and canned tomatoes. The crafty makers of ice-cream know that all limits are off when a young man and his particular Queen of Sheba step into a palace of frosty sweets. The young man's fear of being thought a "tightwad" or a "pill" is the ice-cream dealer's best bet that prices won't come down to pre-war levels. Not, at least, for several whiles. Indeed, the ice-cream man is thinking seriously of



Boy life in New York.



"Should Europe's debt to the United States be cancelled?"

Nature Studies by  
W. E. HILL

not dropping them at all, but of making his war prices do for two wars; the last one and the next one.

Monkey glands having rejuvenated aged men, cow glands are now increasing the height of stunted girls. Next, camel glands so that the Man-About-Town may go forty days or so without feeling the need of a drink.

## THE GOOD OLD BAD STUFF

WHY not give the West, through the medium of the movies, a glimpse of the Wild East? The movies are one-sided,

too fixed in habit. In a Western hodge-podge, called "Bob Hampton of Placer," there appears a precocious kid—doubtless a nice little boy in private life—named Wesley Barry. Wesley wears a complete cowpuncher's rig, including a pair of formidable guns; shoots the hat from the villain's head, pours himself booze at a "Western" bar, and goes to his final fade-out in a mix-up with "the redskins." It's great stuff for Eastern youth, but can't the master craftsman who cabinet-makes Wesley's scenarios locate him for once in New York, and film him there for the edification of the juvenile West? Must the East have all the benefits, always? Make him the swaggering young hero of a gang of hootch-runners, or the mascot of a bunch of gunmen. Let him playfully shoot a policeman, or run a taxicab in the getaway after a murder. Cast him as a boy bigamist, or show him shimmying in a cellar cabaret. It would give the young West an idea of boy life in New York.

All of which serves nicely to remind us that dime novels were once considered bad for boys in that they gave false impressions of human experience, and painted in unhealthy hues the joys of a runaway career. Feeble little books, what did you amount to in comparison with the living, moving fascination of the screen? Either the dime novel should be featured in every juvenile public library or reading room, with a printed apology for past discrimination, or the "best minds" responsible for the Wesley Barry type of Western stuff should be deported for solitary confinement to the island of Yap.

With Colonel Harvey thoroughly at home in London, the next step will be the construction of a "front porch" in Downing Street.



# SUN-SPOTS THAT GAVE THE EARTH A FEVER

*Why Electrical Disturbances and an Aurora Should Follow  
a Change in Old Sol's Complexion*

By HEREWARD CARRINGTON, PH. D.

**E**LECTRICAL disturbances of unprecedented magnitude swept over the world a short time ago which completely disorganized the telegraph and telephone lines, and even the deep-sea cables, so they were unable to function properly for a number of hours. These disturbances were associated with several enormous sun-spots, which appeared at the same time, and also with a magnificent "aurora," which was seen flashing in the sky like a beautiful many-colored cloak.

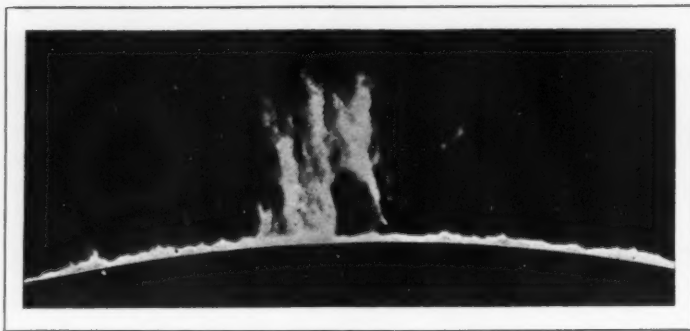
What was the connection between these electrical and magnetic disturbances and the sun-spots and the aurora in question? And just what *are* sun-spots, and what is the aurora?

These are questions which scientists have long sought to solve, and which have again come up for solution within the past few weeks.

Before we can answer these questions in any way one or two general facts must be understood concerning the earth on which we live, and the sun, upon whose activity we depend for our very life.

We do not know *exactly* what the sun is, or how it maintains its heat. If it were just a mass of blazing substance, it would, it has been calculated, have become burned out and a mere cinder long ago. Something else maintains its internal heat! Its contraction, and the falling upon its surface of other bodies, likewise fail to account for its heat. Is this heat due to radium? Is it due to the intra-atomic energy of atoms being radiated into space? For a time it was thought so, but this theory is now questioned also.

Whatever its nature, however, we are certain that the sun emits light, heat and electric waves; we also know, to a great extent, its chemical structure. The sun appears to be a mass of flaming gases, at enormous temperatures. These "flames" sometimes shoot outwards, into space; and it has been calculated that these spurts of flame may be, on occasion, two and three hundred-thousand miles high! (Compare our tiny earth, 8,000 miles in diameter, with these!)



INTERNATIONAL

*A great solar eruption, photographed with the "spectroheliograph" at the Yerkes observatory. The flames (burning gases) are 65,000 miles high. Such phenomena can be seen with the eye only through a spectroscope.*

Sun-spots usually appear in clusters about every 11 years. As the sun revolves on its axis every  $25\frac{1}{4}$  days, the spots are usually visible about 13 days before they disappear.

One theory of sun-spots is that they are rents in the outer covering of the sun, which thus allow us to see into its darker interior—through the brilliant "sheath" surrounding it. Another is that sun-spots represent violent electric and magnetic storms which rage upon the sun's surface. As light and electricity are largely the same thing, these two theories, it will be seen, overlap to a certain extent.

All space, at all events, is constantly being bombarded by negatively electrified particles, or "corpuscles," several thou-

sand times smaller than the smallest atom. Some of these strike our earth. It is being constantly bombarded in its passage through space! When sun-spots are seen, this bombardment is increased.

Now, our earth is also a great reservoir of all kinds of electric and magnetic forces. All these naturally react upon the electric waves emitted by the sun.

In addition to this, the upper strata of

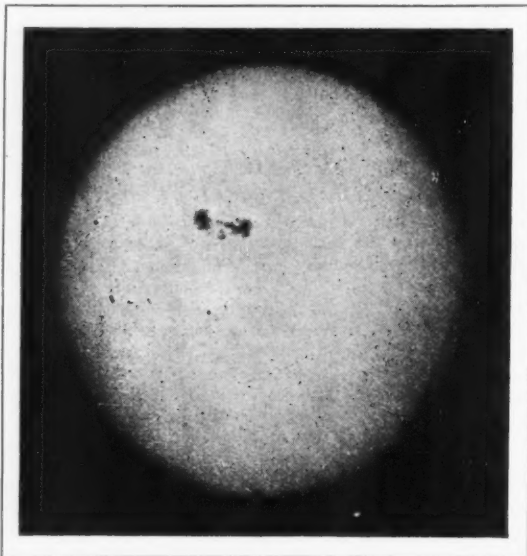
the earth's atmosphere become very attenuated, resembling the conditions prevailing in artificially made vacuum tubes. In such conditions curious things happen. All this being so, it is only natural to suppose that any violent and sudden increase in the electric emanation from the sun will affect the earth by its reactions upon the magnetic and electric forces at or near the earth's surface.

But how is the "aurora borealis" connected with all this? We have seen that the sun emits countless electric corpuscles, many of which strike the earth—without interference most of these would naturally strike the earth in the neighborhood of the equator. But the earth itself is a magnet, and experiment has shown that corpuscles in a vacuum-tube are deflected by a magnet. These corpuscles, striking the earth, therefore, would be drawn toward the poles; and would enter an atmosphere somewhat resembling that created in a vacuum tube. They would then begin to give out the shifting and darting lights of the cathode rays.

It is these "shifting and darting lights" which constitute the aurora, according to this theory. Hence, there would be a necessary connection between the earth's magnetic field and the aurora—since they are both due to solar influence; and the solar variations would depend largely upon the presence and activity of the sun-spots.

The sun-spots recently observed were very extensive. The largest was 94,000 miles in length and 21,000 miles wide.

Curiously enough, wireless messages, so far from being prejudicially influenced by the sun-spots, were magnified and increased in power.



© YERKES OBSERVATORY FROM KEYSTONE

*The largest of the recently observed sun-spots was 21,000 miles wide. This one—which was photographed through a 40-inch telescope—seems rather insignificant when viewed from the earth. However, it isn't.*





An outfit landing at Oil Creek. Some Texas men and one New Yorker wrote to Edmonton to reserve Pullman sleepers right through to Fort Norman, but they could not get service. The fact that there are no railways in the Mackenzie country makes traveling difficult.

## RACING FOR "BLACK GOLD" NORTH OF 53

*Klondike Days Are Recalled as New Oil-Fields Lure Fortune-Hunters Through a Trackless Wilderness to the Arctic Circle*

By AUBREY FULLERTON

IT is the same old story over again, except that this time it is different. Another stampede of treasure-seekers is on the road, but it is of a kind that never was before, either as to make-up or place. For an oil rush to the sub-Arctics gives an entirely new turn to the world-old game of chasing fortunes.

Several hundred, perhaps a thousand, men will be going into the Mackenzie country of northwestern Canada this summer, from pretty nearly all parts of the continent. The reason is oil—"black gold." One strike having already been made, in a hole away up toward the top of the map, it is somewhat better than a guess that more holes will produce more strikes, and the oil-seekers are going North to try it out.

The initial find and the resulting rush are just another instance of the fact that every now and then something happens where it was not expected. A wilderness post in a country known heretofore to few but traders, trappers, and adventurers is not such a place as oil-fields are ordinarily made of; but if the end is as the beginning promises, the far North will presently be one of the world's main sources of oil supply.

Four early risers who left Peace River in the first week of May, taking a short-cut route across country by river and portage, will likely be the first of the summer stampede to reach Fort Norman, the No. 1 well site. They will save 400 miles over the usual route, but at that it will be a 1,000-mile trip, which they are taking thus early in the season to

stake oil claims on the lower Mackenzie River.

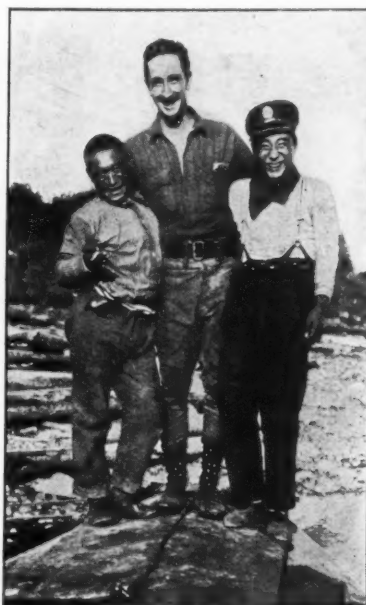
At about the same time three scow-loads of Government surveyors set out on the longer route to the North by way of the Peace and Slave rivers and Great Slave Lake. Navigation on the lake does

not open until the last of June, and it will probably be well into the second week of July before the oil-well terminus is reached. In the meantime some of the Government men will drop off at points along the Slave River and begin work on the nearer surveys.

The scow route, which will be followed by a good number of the stampede, was chosen for the Government parties also as the best suited to their requirements. There were seventy men to take into the Mackenzie country, with sixty tons of supplies and equipment, and a flotilla of northern-built scows, towed by motor boats, was provided for the purpose. At two points on the way, where navigation is interrupted by heavy rapids, it is necessary to unload the scows, portage the freight overland past the bad water, and re-load at the other side. Even the scows have to be portaged around the Mountain Rapids on Slave River, but they shoot the others. It is the most exciting boat riding in America and takes both nerve and muscle.

These first three Government scows and four others following, all preliminary to the summer's rush, are exceptionally well equipped. They carry complete outfits of camping supplies, provisions, building hardware, and tools for a full season's work, and in the case of some of the men for a whole year, which means that a part of the force will stay in the wilderness all through next winter. It is doubtful if any expedition, in any country, ever set out with better equipment, the

(Continued on page 664)



PHOTOS COURTESY IMPERIAL OIL, LTD.

A touch of "local color" which serves to remind us that the oil-fields lie rather far north.



An expedition leaving the Peace River district for the "oil region"—a rather vague term inasmuch as "black gold" may be found anywhere along the Mackenzie River basin for a distance of about 1,200 miles.



At Fort Norman, the center of the oil activity, Jack London could have found material for many stories. Here are two splendid additions to the "atmosphere." They are "husky dogs."



Timorous souls generally go around this danger point—the Mountain Rapids, on the Slave River. Those who "shoot" them, as these men are doing, have real red blood. Portages are time-consuming and very difficult. Later, no doubt, the air routes will be popular. Today, however, almost everyone goes to the oil-fields by water.

## "ON TO FORT N

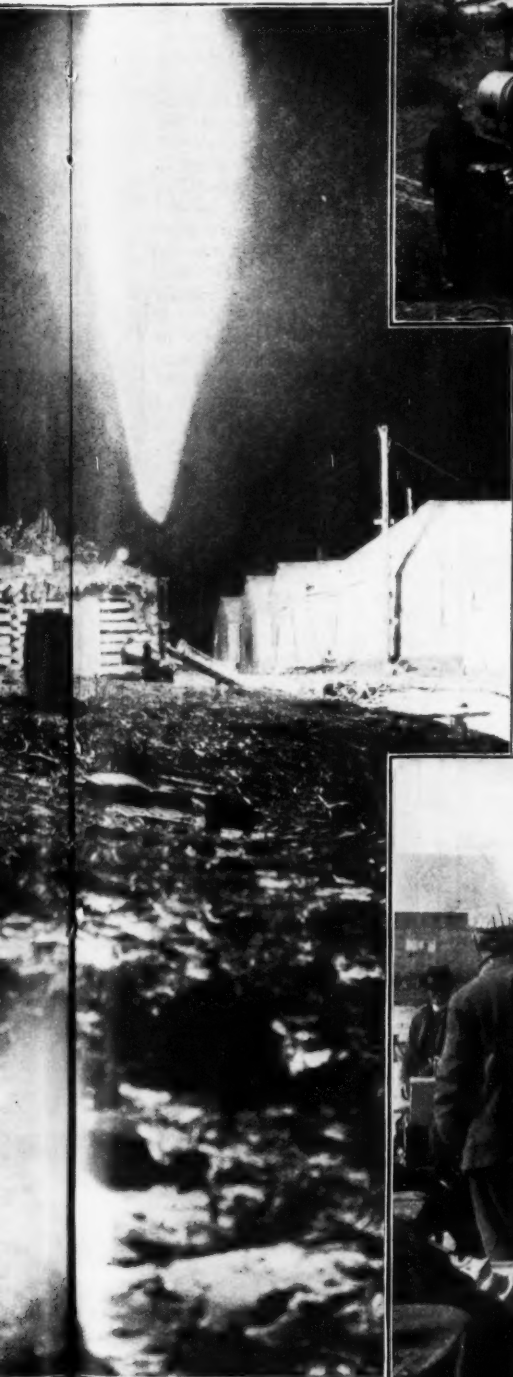
Into Canada's New Oil-Fields  
Strong Men Are



PHOTOS AUBREY FULLERTON AND THROU...  
Ever since 1898, when this well was by govern...  
been made to control the gas, here... burning...  
time, someone succeeded in capping... tiny aperture...  
deep. It was finally abandoned because it was in...  
its highly inflammable produ...

# PORT NORMAN!"

Oil-Fields on the MacKenzie  
Men Are Driving



D THROUGH THE IMPERIAL OIL, LTD.

as well as by government orders, attempts have  
was, here in burning. Last year, for the first  
a capping tiny aperture. The well is 820 feet  
doned below it was impossible to find a use for  
highly inflammable product.



*Having reached some sinister rapids at "Smith portage," the Lady Mackworth is put upon logs, tied to a tractor, and hauled overland a distance of several miles. Quite naturally traveling is expensive in the oil region.*



*Evening clothes, Turkish baths and other charming features of civilization are conspicuous by their absence along the MacKenzie. However, now and then an aesthete enjoys a shave.*



*The beautiful sights along the Mackenzie are many and varied; but one does not view them from an observation car or a hurricane deck. It is usually from the heavily laden deck of a useful, but by no means beautiful "scow" that the traveler views the wonders to be found along the river. This snapshot gives an idea of what life aboard a large scow is.*





"There is also the air route, which some say will solve the transit problem in the North." This machine was snapped at Fort Simpson, 1,100 miles north of Edmonton.

## Racing for "Black Gold"

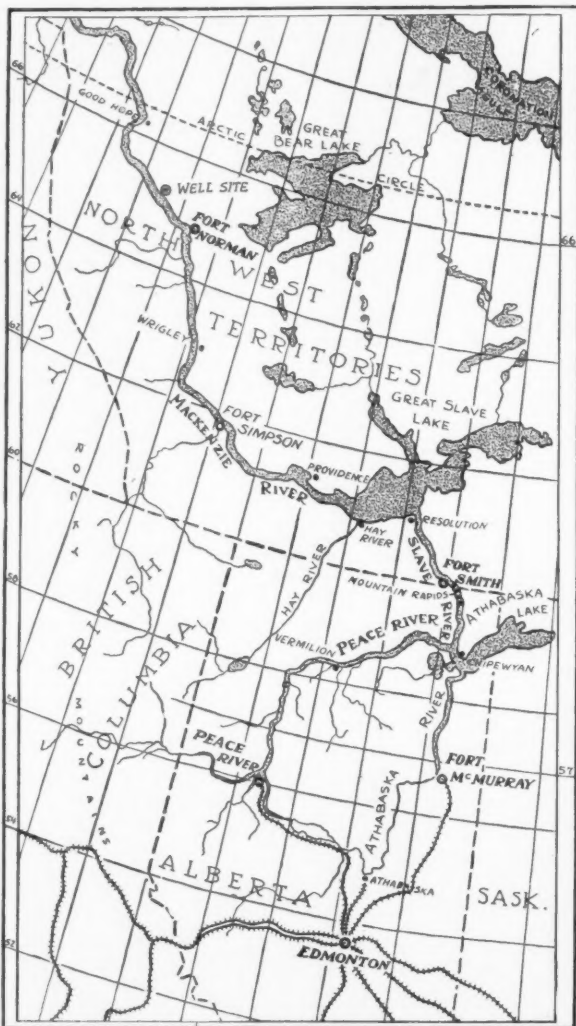
(Continued from page 661)  
orders from Ottawa having been to do it right.

But there is nothing luxurious about the scows themselves. They are flat-bottomed craft of fifty feet length, built of native-sawn lumber, and manned by five boatmen, four at the oars and one to steer. "Oars" in this case are heavy pieces of green spruce twenty-five feet or so long and about four inches in diameter, to handle which is far more work than sport.

The expedition represents the force being sent in by the Canadian Government to open up the North country for industrial development. To facilitate the staking of oil and mineral claims and the accurate mapping of the region, a traverse of the Mackenzie waterway for about 900 miles will be made by a survey party comprising one-half of the entire expedition. Survey monuments will be established all along the way, and this work will be carried on into the late autumn and fall.

Sub-parties will examine the northern waterpowers, investigate pipe-line possibilities in various parts of the oil-field, make a geological survey of the Mackenzie basin, and carry out a series of astronomical observations. For the latter work stations will be established, from which magnetic, gravity and other data will be secured. A portable wireless telegraph apparatus, to help in determining latitudes and longitudes, will receive daily time comparisons from the Atlantic seaboard.

Along with the survey men there also went an organization and administration party. The Government has appointed O. S. Finnie, an experienced hand in northern affairs, Secretary for Mackenzie Territory, and he will organize some permanent system of administration, in view of the incoming rush of people.



PHOTOS COURTESY IMPERIAL OIL, LTD.

"Almost the entire region covered by the Mackenzie River basin for a distance of 1,200 miles is a potential oil-field. The rush now under way may be fairly localized as between latitudes 57 and 66, following close to the main waterways of the Mackenzie system."

Fort Smith, the gateway post to the real North, will be the district headquarters, and sub-offices will be opened at several points, at which claims may be filed and reported to headquarters. The records will then be forwarded to Ottawa, where the leases will be issued. Draftsmen, accountants, and departmental experts are in

the party and will be assigned during the season to the sub-offices, the number and location of which will depend upon the proportions of the summer's rush northward. Log buildings will be erected at each point so chosen, and some of the administration staff will remain at their posts right through the year to do whatever business there may be.

There is a movement, too, of men representing private interests. Prospectors, geologists, surveyors, and development men are in the crowd, some of them traveling on their own account, but most of them in behalf of companies and syndicates.

To follow the movement at all satisfactorily, one must know the route, the nature and size of the country, and the story of what has really happened thus far. For, as might be expected, there has been a good deal of moonshine in some of the Far North oil news that has been going the rounds of late.

The center of activity in the oil-belt is Fort Norman, a Mackenzie River post 1,500 miles north of Edmonton and nearly 2,000 miles north of the international boundary. At that point, only a little short of the Arctic Circle, a "black gold" strike was made last August, and in the near vicinity new wells will be drilled during the present summer. But almost the entire region covered by the Mackenzie River basin for a distance of 1,200 miles is a potential oil-field. The rush now under way



A "gusher" near Fort Norman. The oil began to flow when the well was 783 feet deep. There being no tankage available, it was capped after running continuously for forty minutes.



may be fairly localized as between latitudes 57 and 66, following close to the main waterways of the Mackenzie system.

It is a tremendously big piece of ground to work in. From south to north it covers an area of 200,000 square miles, or four times the size of New York State, counting, at that, only a narrow strip on either side of the waterways. Not all of this big tract is actually oil-bearing land, but the geological formations of the greater part of it are favorable, giving substance to the claim that this is geographically, at any rate, the greatest oil-field in the world.

**S**OME Texas men and one New Yorker wrote to Edmonton to reserve Pullman sleepers right through to Fort Norman, but they could not get service. The fact that there are no railways in the Mackenzie country is precisely what makes the whole undertaking so strenuous.

With from 1,200 to 1,500 miles to cover, from the end of steel at Fort McMurray or Peace River to the Fort Norman well, there is only the water or the air for roads. To be sure, some fifteen or twenty men chose to make the trip last winter by the overland route, driving dog-teams the whole long way, but they did it because they wanted to reach the oil-field ahead of any others and because they knew how, having handled dogs in the North before. It is no way for a tenderfoot to travel.

The water routes into the Top Country are, as yet, the way the crowds go. Most of the ingoing passengers this year will be moved in steamers, and the freight in scows or barges, operated by three very well-equipped transportation companies whose combined fleets are equal to carrying 3,000 men, if so many should want to go. Motor boats will give auxiliary service, and several independent transport lines have opened up, with gasoline launches and scows for equipment.

Some of the oil-seekers would have gone North in canoes if their plans had worked out as they hoped. It would have added a picturesque touch to see a long line of canoes and boats striking out into the wilderness reaches, but the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, in whose hands are the enforcement of law and order and the protection of life and property in the Territories, forbade it, because without power no canoe or boat could ever get



*Shale on Prohibition Creek that tells an interesting story to the geologist.*



*At Fort Fitzgerald one is frequently reminded that the Indians have not entirely passed away in Canada.*

back against the heavy upstream current.

The Mackenzie waterways system is the only doorway into the North, but it is a big door, open four months of the year. Its trunk line is the Mackenzie River itself, and with tributary connections on the Peace, Slave and Athabasca Rivers and the Athabasca and Great Slave Lakes, it offers a navigable water route of 2,500 miles, extending to the top of the con-

tinents. On the main steamer run there is an unbroken passage from Fort McMurray to Scenic, 100 miles from the Arctic coast, except for the sixteen-mile portage around the Slave River rapids. Below Fort Smith there is a wide-open water road, and the oil-field trip stops short of the end of the line by some 500 miles.

There is also the air route, which some say will solve the transit problem in the North. Two all-metal monoplanes of the J. L.-6 type have already made experimental flights into the Mackenzie country and will presently be in regular commission by the Imperial Oil Company for the movement of its own men and supplies.

But even the airships will make use of the waterways. For northern flying the monoplanes have been fitted with pontoons, and their landings will be in water. A commercial aerial service, now being organized, will operate a fleet of flying-boats, of a type used during the war by the United States Government, and the courses to be taken in and out of the North will closely follow the main river-and-lake lines. Harbors and supply-depots for both air services are being established along the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers and on Great Slave Lake.

**N**OTHING ever happened in the wilderness North before that created so much excitement as the passage of the big Imperial Oil birds, which flew at the end of March to a point below Fort Simpson. It was the Indians' first experience of the white man's airship, and all along the way the natives were frightened almost out of their wits. Some of them, to be sure, had been shown airplane pictures at the trading posts, but that was a different thing from seeing the contraptions themselves. One doubting redskin, it is told, was with difficulty restrained from shooting at what he thought was a devil-bird, and at a Hay River settlement the entire populace took to the woods.

By any route, travel to the Mackenzie oil-fields is not cheap. The overland trip on the winter trail costs from \$2,500 to \$3,000 for one man and dog-team, Fort McMurray to Fort Norman and back. A return trip ticket by steamboat, with meals and berth, sells for \$300. The fare by airplane will be from \$1,000 to \$1,500.

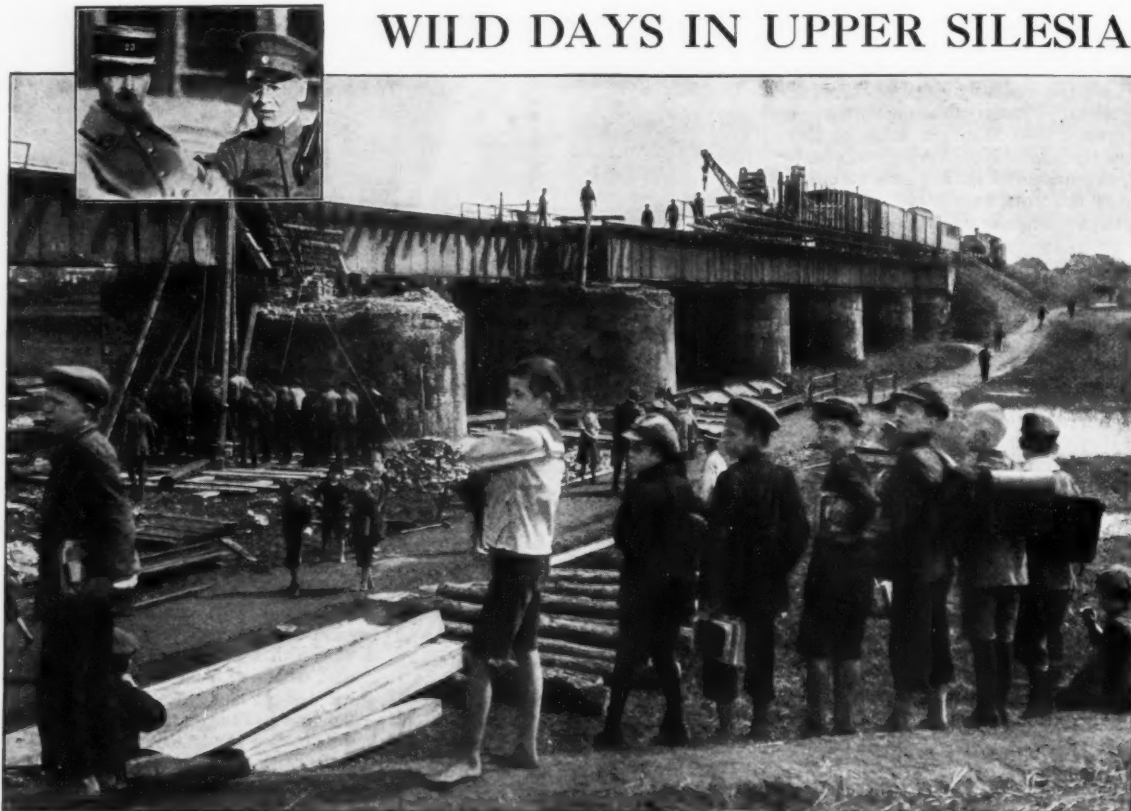
*(Continued on page 673)*



*PHOTOS COURTESY IMPERIAL OIL, LTD.*

*A party that reached the heart of the oil-country by airplane. Two all-metal monoplanes have already made experimental flights into the Mackenzie River section and will soon be in commission.*

## WILD DAYS IN UPPER SILESIA,



The first train to cross the restored railway bridge between Oppeln and Chepanowich after it was blown up by the Polish insurgents. The inset

above, at the left, is a snapshot of a French officer with an officer of the German Plebiscite Police leaving the city of Oppeln on an official mission.



Peasants who voted against Poland in the recent plebiscite, and who fled from the Poles, arriving in Oppeln on bicycles. Many hundreds of folk, living in the outlying districts, left their homes and farms and sought safer abodes in the city.



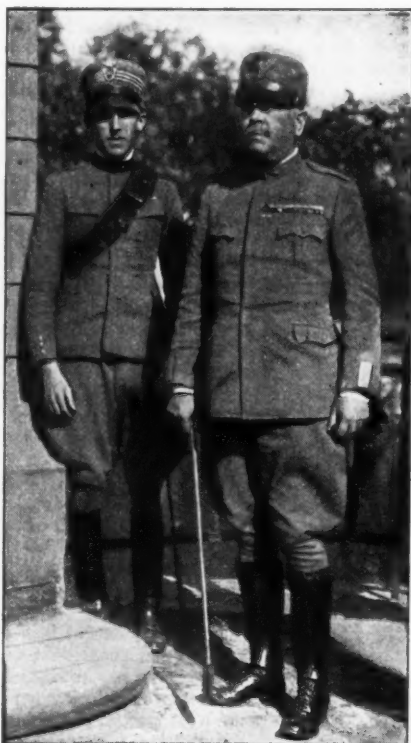
A pair of armed railway employees on patrol duty, guarding one of the railway bridges over the Oder River from destruction by Polish dynamiters.

# EUROPE'S NEWEST TINDER-BOX



A detachment of French bicycle soldiery en route for Malbame, the headquarters of the Polish insurgents. Above, at the right, is a camera glimpse

of Major Grills, the British Control Officer, giving instructions to one of the officers of the German Plebiscite Police in the Silesian regiment.



General de Marinis (right), the Italian commander, who has succeeded the French General, Le Rond, as Chief of the Interallied Forces in Upper Silesia.



PHOTOS INTERNATIONAL

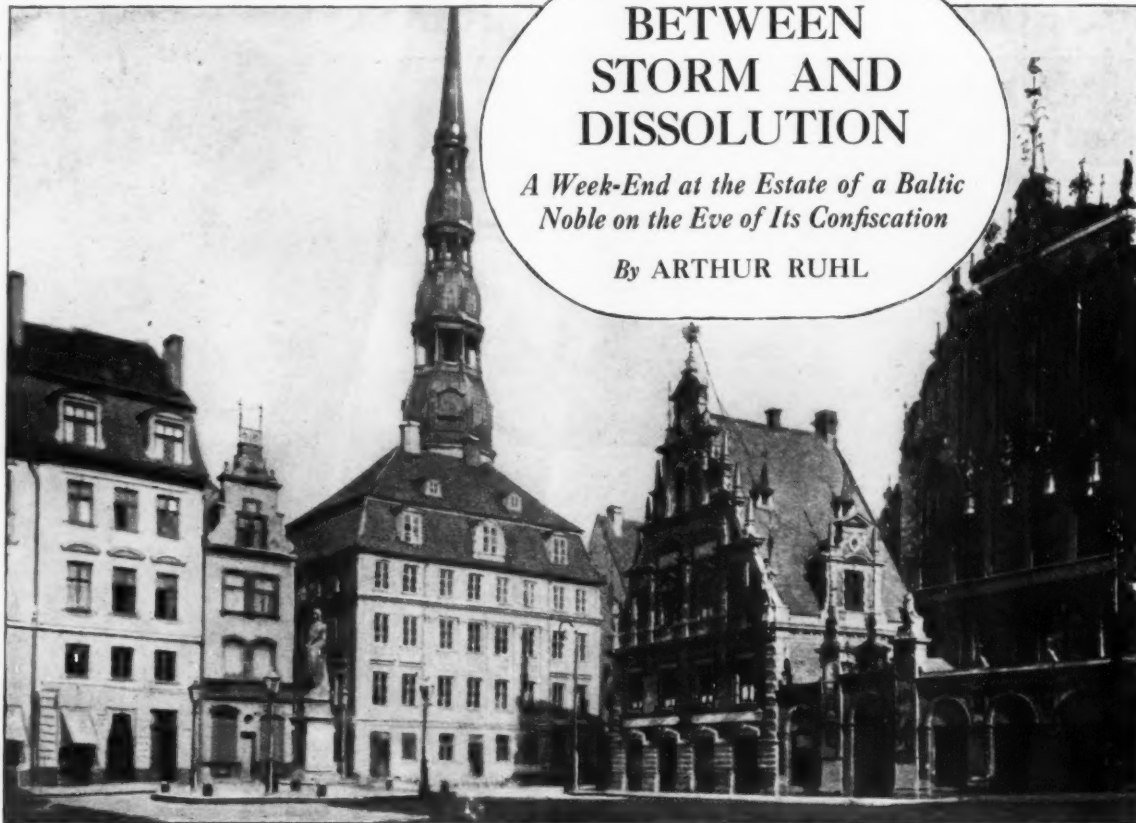
Some of the Silesian peasant refugees with their hastily collected personal belongings, arrived by wagon in Oppeln. In many cases they fled to the city without even stopping to gather up more than a few keepsakes.



## BETWEEN STORM AND DISSOLUTION

*A Week-End at the Estate of a Baltic  
Noble on the Eve of Its Confiscation*

By ARTHUR RUHL



*The house of the old association of the Black Heads, Riga. Riga was founded by Albert I, Bishop of Livonia, in the year 1201. In 1282 it became a flourishing member of the powerful Hanseatic League; and ever since its varied history has been an extremely picturesque one.*

THE Princess came down the station-platform at Riga that baking afternoon, lugging a big suitcase and an armful of bundles. She was nineteen, perhaps, tall and slimly strong, bright-cheeked and shy—a regular girl, and at the same time, though not related to royalty, a regular princess. Unfashionable as it is in the new Baltic States to have had titled ancestors, her family could doubtless have traced their forbears back for close to a thousand years.

As a Balt, her name was German and her title Russian, and her friends, travels, experience and general background a sort of mingling of the two. Her speech was German, Russian, French, English—it made little difference which—and she also talked Lettish to those who used to be the peasants and now are the masters of Latvia.

BEFORE the war, or even before the Bolshevik revolution and the accompanying declarations of independence in the former Baltic Provinces, she might not have carried her own luggage or gone to work as a secretary and translator, and certainly a guest (I had been wanting to see a typical Livonian estate) would not have started for the country in a freight car. But motor-cars were long a relic of the past, and as for the estate, who could tell what might have happened to it, even today?

Many of the "Balt barons" had already lost their estates; the Lettish Constituent

Assembly was discussing an agrarian "reform"—really a revolution—according to which all the nobles' estates might be confiscated without any compensation whatever. President Ulmannis and the moderates were for a gradual parceling of the large places with reasonable compensation. The more radical Letts spoke of the Balts as fire-breathing dragons—reptiles which should not be scotched, but killed outright, and their carcasses used, as someone picturesquely put it, to fertilize the new Latvia. However, at last accounts, the place was still theirs, the house had been reopened, after its long occupation by various armies, and we were going down to spend the Sunday.

WE flung our baggage into one of the long line of freight cars and scrambled in after it. The train, not due to leave for another half-hour, was already packed. People sat in the doorways—naturally the coolest seats—with their legs dangling outside. In one a boy was strumming a balalaika. Inside were pine benches without backs and air like an oven. There were families going out to spend the weekend with farmer relatives, unhappy babies, and market-women returning with empty baskets and damp gunny sacks full of crabs or fish. We squeezed in among this uncomfortable but good-natured crowd, ate wet raspberries out of a brown paper bag, and after an endless wait the train got under way.

An hour or two of stewing and we came to the town of Mitau—the headquarters of the Bermondts' adventure of the year before—and here we waited for another hour and changed to third-class cars. Then another hour or two and we were deposited at a siding in the open fields. We squatted in the grass beside the track and finally, toward evening, a miniature wood-burning locomotive appeared from the nearby pines trailing a string of little flatcars. The train was a relic of the German invasion, when Riga was being surrounded in 1917, and the Germans had used this narrow-gauge to carry ammunition to their battery-positions. It had been gratefully taken over and was now used for people instead of shells.

There was nothing to sit on, and as soon as the train got under way the smoke and live cinders poured back on our heads. The peasant women lay down, covered their heads and went to sleep. We dodged from side to side of the lurching little trucks and tried, not always with success, to brush the cinders off before they burned clear through.

THE late sun went down at last, the moon came up, and a cool night smell breathed out from the harvested fields. It may have been eleven o'clock when the Princess broke a long silence by pointing toward a black stretch of forest.

"There's where we used to hunt," she said. "It was full of deer."

Another hour of slow trailing through pines and sweet-smelling stubble, always within sight of their property, and then we climbed down and started down a faintly seen path across the fields. The Princess, insisting on carrying her share of the luggage, strode ahead like an Indian. Past a Dutch windmill, lonely, silent houses on a hill, and we came, after half an hour's tramp, to a little river. There was a rattle of chains, a sleeping peasant boatman shook himself awake, and we were ferried across. Up the bank, past stone barns and a watchman loitering in the shadow of the gate, then a driveway, and then—a long, high, silvered mass against black pines—the manor-house itself.

There was neither light nor sound, but the girl walked briskly round the house and pounded on a closed wooden shutter. It was opened presently and hastily shut.

"IT'S my little brother," she laughed. "He thinks we're burglars!" and continued pounding. The big front door opened finally and a tall gentleman peered out. "Oh!" he cried, and welcomed us in. It was the Prince himself, my hostess's father, still limping from the wound he had received the autumn before on the Bolshevik front, but still the debonair master of his own house. There were apologies and a scurrying for candles, and presently we were telling the last Riga news over bread and milk and a huge dish of wild strawberries.

They were quite literally camping out in what had once been a sort of palace. The place had been ransacked again and again since 1914 and was but a shell. Furniture and pictures were gone or smashed; parquet floors ripped up and wall coverings pried away in search for hidden treasure; marble statues overturned and their necks and arms broken. There was not a horse left in the stables, except one or two second-rate work animals—one of our bundles, it turned out, was sheets for the guest's bed. I had brought a blanket and in a few minutes—it was after one by this time—was dozing under it on a saggy mattress which had supported soldiers with their boots on—Russians, Germans, Bolsheviks, Bermond's men—and goodness knows what other strangers of the night.

We gathered for a late breakfast after taking our various dips in the little river—more wild strawberries and their own honey—and then spread blankets on the grass and proceeded, as people do in the short Baltic summer, to soak up all we could of the sun. It was a delicious Sunday morning, so still and peaceful that one



Children on their way to the American Relief Station in Riga.

could not but remark on it. The elder Princess, more outspoken than her husband, shrugged her shoulders a little bitterly.

"On the surface, perhaps. Really, we are living over a volcano."

On the surface, indeed, the old order still held. The peasants had raised a little arch of branches and flowers in front of the house in honor of their homecoming, and decorated some of the rooms. The canny old Jew who rented a bit of land across the river and played the traditional rôle of money-lender, storekeeper, and general middle-man so common in East European countrysides—every estate-owner "has his Jew," they say in Poland—had sent a big cheese-cake. A pastry-cook, driven from Riga by the war that made café-keeping impossible, and now trying to make a farmer of himself, on another corner of the estate, had sent a splendid example of his ancient handiwork—an elaborately frosted cake with whipped cream filling that would have cost a fortune in the city.

Everything was quiet about the place,

the Prince said, the harvest work had gone on as well as could be expected with the lack of hands and of horses, the peasants were not complaining.

But he felt that they were patient because they expected that they would get the land.

If the agrarian law were not satisfactory, no one could tell what might happen. He spoke—as all these Balt estate-owners now speak, since the people have begun to realize their strength—of [the desirability of a wider distribution of the land, and his own willingness to sell, or even give away, a third of his property.

"It should be done slowly, though, and given to those who understand farming and have the available capital to make a success of it. The Russian Government, with its land-purchasing program, had started many thousands of small farms in the years just before the war. The old Russian government was not perfect, but it was not nearly so bad as people think in the West. It was getting ahead, and in another generation, if the war hadn't come, it would have come close to solving the whole land problem."

WE started presently for a walk, the Prince limping alongside and in his rapid, slightly-lisping English, describing the estate and the manner of working it. One of several places belonging to him, it contained about 18,000 acres and in peace times had been run as a practical farm and a model dairy. There was the great-house itself, a tawny, stucco-covered structure, in that "institutional" style so common in Russia; the park with formal allées, adjoining it; extensive stables, hothouses, and dairy outbuildings, and beyond that fields and forest. The general look of the country—rolling plain, broken by woodland and the lazy little river winding through—was much like that of southern Wisconsin or northern Illinois.

We looked into the empty stables, with only the names of the pedigreed horses left

over the stalls; the long cow-barns, the electric-light plant, all smashed now, and despite the ruin of a business into which the surplus of many years had gone in constant improvements, the Prince rattled off technical facts and figures with the enthusiasm of one who had all his life lived on the land and loved it.

"Yes," he said, "it was a fine place. A good life. Lots of work going on. Lots of people coming all the time. Travelers from abroad used to visit us. It was not so much out of the world as you might think . . . Now my oldest boy doesn't know a thing about a farm. He's insulted if you ask him if the cows



A manor house on a Balt estate. It is typical of hundreds of beautiful country-places that may be found in the former Baltic Provinces.

have come in yet. How should he know about such things? Such knowledge is beneath him. But I'm a countryman. I like the country. We used to spend all our time here except for an occasional trip in the winter."

We passed a row of peasant cottages, good-looking brick buildings, with men and women loafing about the doorways, who doffed their hats, and as we crossed the garden an old peasant darted forward, ducked and quickly kissed the Prince's hand.

"That seems odd to an American, I suppose. Well"—he smiled apologetically—"it's a custom here." He told of the different arrangements with the peasants.

There were three kinds—*land-knechts*, *halb-korner*s and *deputat-knechts*. The first gave three days a week—both the man and his wife working—to the estate owner in return for the use of a little plot of land. They were the lowest type of farm laborers, the nearest to the old serfs. The *halb-korner*s gave the proprietor half their crop as rent. The *deputat* laborers were paid wages, mostly in kind—grain, herrings, salt, and a small amount of money, say 60 rubles a year. Altogether their wages, supplies included, came, before the war, to about a ruble (fifty cents) a day. The *deputat* peasant had a house supplied by the owner, a meadow for his cows, a bit of land for flax and potatoes. It was possible for him and his family to sell a little, and accumulate a certain surplus. He might then become a renter himself.

"Those are the people to whom land should be given," said the Prince. "They are capable and ambitious and would know what to do with it."

**T**HE peasants were housed in large brick dwellings, far superior to what is usually found in Russia itself, and accommodating about a dozen families, or in small two-family houses. Teaching for the peasant children had been attended to by an individual who also helped the sexton and played the organ in church. A single man—one could fancy a mild-mannered, threadbare creature, coming, as it were, from some eighteenth-century novel—could live on the salary. A married man could not. The hours of work in summer were twelve at least.

"We have only four months of spring and summer. It is light for practically the whole twenty-four hours during June and July, things grow fast while they do grow, and we must make the most of it. They work from four in the morning until seven and then stop an hour for breakfast. Then from eight till noon, and again from one until five. Then there is another short spell in the evening.

"In the winters, on the other hand, we have in this latitude only about five hours of daylight and there is not much to do out-of-doors. But there are all sorts of odd jobs indoors—repairs, threshing,

weaving and spinning." I asked about amusements, thinking of our own prairie-country Fords, and the movies and Orpheum in the nearby town. Apparently there were not many amusements except when they got together to dance or sing. The Lettish peasants are fond of singing and some of their old folk-songs, telling of hard masters, and farm work continued on into the night, are curiously interesting in days like these.

We returned and tramped through the house, still littered with straw, smashed furniture, statues and pictures. The



The daughter of a Balt baron. Though she and her class lose their estates they are not often allowed to leave the country.

Prince kept muttering: "Here we had carpets . . . there were always flowers there . . . this wall was covered with leather. Fancy trying to cover walls with leather nowadays!" and he would give that high, slightly mocking giggle with which his amiable talk was often punctuated. "The only books we have left are these old encyclopedias. There used to be some rather nice books. There was one with annotations by Erasmus. The Bolsheviks threw them all into the river. They said I might read them when they floated down to Mitau—I was in Mitau then." And again he laughed.

After lunch we all went out on the grass again, the Prince and his wife and daughter and two small boys. And as we loafed there in the sun, an elderly peasant approached, kissed his master's and mistress's hands, and then, quite at his ease, started in on one of those interminable peasant visits. It was characteristic of that personal friendliness and "democracy" which, in Russia and along the western edge of it, within class lines much more rigidly drawn than ours, existed in a sense rarely found under corresponding circumstances at home.

**I**N a curious half-oratorical singsong the old fellow rambled on about the weather, crops, the extravagance of the local government. After half an hour of it I strolled away for a walk and when I came back the visit was still going on. If the Prince and Princess were bored they gave no sign of it. They asked and answered questions, listened and nodded their heads as seriously as if they were gossiping with

one of their oldest friends. Except that the peasant stood and they lay on the ground there was nothing to suggest any difference between them. The interview must have lasted for an hour and a half.

In the lazy warmth we strolled down to the river, rowed across and started up the hill toward the family burial-ground and the little ruined church. Half way up, in a sunny clearing, stood a baby-carriage. The Prince and Princess exchanged glances. It was a carriage that had been used for their own children and must have been taken from one of the upper rooms of their house. They walked over toward it, looked in—there were strange baby-clothes in it—and, saying nothing, continued on up the hill.

At the top two peasant women were sitting; between them, on the ground, with eyes as blue as the sky into which they peacefully gazed, a baby girl. This was evidently the baby of the carriage. The Princess talked to them in Lettish and asked about the child. It had belonged to a couple who had run away in the Bolshevik time and left the child without a word. And where were they now? The women shrugged their shoulders patiently. Who could tell? Who knows, in this broken Eastern Europe, where, tomorrow, anybody may be? The baby girl, healthy as a

young trout, slowly waved her arms, aware finally that somebody else had come. Here was the gift of youth, at any rate, and she would see a generation or two more than the rest of us of this queer, changing world.

**I**T was beautiful there on the hill. Below us, drowsing in the lazy afternoon, lay fields and river, the tawny length of the manor house, the distant pine woods of what had once been a little principality all but sufficient unto itself. A little way upstream peasant girls were swimming. They laughed and splashed and chased each other over the grass, all that was peasant about them left with the clothes out of which their strong, round bodies had hurried—white nymphs in an ancient paradise. Just beneath us a mother was trying to teach two little dolls of girls to swim. Their notion of swimming was to lean over with tremendous deliberation and just touch the tips of their noses to the water and then squeal and snatch their faces back again. The mother gently poked them with a stick. There was not a sound but the laughter of the peasant girls.

We went on into the churchyard. The church itself had been burned, the walks and tombs, uncared for for six years, were overgrown with weeds and grass. The Prince pointed out the tomb of one ancestor who had been an Ambassador to England. Another, his great grandmother, I think, had been, a century and a half ago, instructress to the Tsarina's children. For that service—and one

(Concluded on page 678)



# Blue Laws, Past, Present and Future

(Continued from page 658)

1646 and other years making it a criminal offense not to attend church. The more the Puritan people were prodded, however, the less inclined they were to be coerced. They wanted some enjoyment on Sunday and proceeded to get it. Thereupon, in 1653, the Puritan theocracy had a law enacted which made it a crime for a child or anyone else to play, sport or saunter on Sunday. The parent or guardian of any offending child had to pay a heavy fine or be put in the stocks or go to jail, and adult offenders had to meet their own sentences. Even walking on the streets or in the fields, except when going to and from a church, was a distinct crime.

Subsequently, even well into the eighteenth century, law after law was passed in Massachusetts repeating former laws against playing and walking on Sunday. One of these laws—that of 1692—also prohibited swimming on Sunday. There were similar laws in Connecticut, one of which, in 1709, made it a crime for young persons to have social parties on Sunday evenings and the evenings of fast days and Thursday lecture days.

**BY** one device or another all these laws were often successfully evaded. Ministers then had recourse to the original inhibitions. Again they caused legislatures to pass laws penalizing non-church attendance.

The Massachusetts act of 1717 is an example. It declared that persons who for one month neglected to attend church were indictable, and upon conviction, were to be fined twenty shillings or be placed in the stocks or cage for three hours. As there was a considerable tendency to ignore that law, another act was passed in 1746 increasing the penalties. Connecticut and some other colonies had laws of a like nature.

If Congress or the State legislatures are induced to pass laws restricting travel on Sunday, they will be nothing more nor less than revivals of Puritan blue laws. To travel after three o'clock on Saturday and on Sunday was long a crime in Massachusetts. Some other colonies, imitating Puritan legislation, copied the substance of its laws.

Beginning in 1653 Massachusetts passed various laws designed to put a stop to Sunday travel. Unless in the case of a physician or midwife no one was allowed to go from town to town or by boat or ship.

Folks evaded this law by making hurried night tours, stealing through the woods and otherwise guarding themselves from surveillance. How to stop these too-frequent expeditions was for a time a predicament to Puritan legislators. They believed that they had a sovereign remedy in the law of 1679 which established regular inquisitorial commissions and authorized them to go into any house at any time when they had reason to suspect

"evil conduct." Watchmen were required to hold up all pedestrians, horsemen and drivers leaving town on Saturday night. Graft, however, was by no means unknown then, and it often supplied necessary passports. Those who could not accommodate themselves to the understood schedule were arrested; the court records of the period are full of cases of arrest and conviction for unlawful traveling.

Thereafter more Massachusetts laws were passed against Sunday traveling. A law of 1682 required a permit, but this, as events proved, was not hard to get if the proper arts of persuasion were used. Ministerial lawmakers gradually came to comprehend that permits had their mar-

ing that we again go through the ordeal.

The blue laws here described are only a few of the many varieties of blue laws prevailing in the colonies. There was a series of laws regulating men's and women's clothes, prescribing what could and could not be worn, just what length women's sleeves should be, and the degree of ornamentation allowed. In time those laws were perverted for the benefit of the wealthy, to whom full latitude was given, while the laws continued bearing hard upon the poor.

This has always been a characteristic of blue laws: they became instruments of privilege for the better situated. The Lord's Day Alliance does not demand laws prohibiting Sunday automobile rides and golf, but it does call for legislation prohibiting Sunday excursion trains and games and amusements patronized by the mass of city dwellers who work hard all week.

Contrary to the general supposition, the present blue-law movement is not a nebulous affair. Many movements projecting some reform or other start out with a series of declarations which usually are backed by nothing but intentions. But the Lord's Day Alliance of the United States is moving on in grim earnestness. Modeling itself after the Anti-Saloon League, it has already organized twenty-one States and is now organizing fourteen more.

**ITS** General Secretary, the Rev. Henry L. Bowlby, thus describes its composition:

"This body was formed by the highest church courts, such as general assemblies, conferences and synods. Originating thirty-two years ago, it has expanded until it now includes sixteen denominational bodies. The various churches represented in this Alliance have between fifteen and sixteen million communicant members, and also at least five million adherents, counting children and adults. We can therefore reasonably claim one-fifth of the total population of the United States as favoring our cause or in sympathy with it."

By what process of investigation it has been found that all of these millions were committed to stringent Sunday laws, Dr. Bowlby did not explain. It was suggested that many of them might be good church-goers and yet fond of relaxations, amusements and sports on Sunday. To Dr. Bowlby the two things are incompatible. He went on:

"While we have representatives in all the States, twenty-one are now completely organized under the name of State and District Auxiliary and Affiliated Societies. All New England is organized, and likewise New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia the middle West and the Northwest clear out to the Pacific Coast. The South is being organized under the leadership of

## Age Speaks

By BERTON BRALEY

*ITS eyes are burning with a lustful glow  
And there is cruel purpose in its face.  
With muscles tense and with a tigerish grace  
It gathers for a spring. Ah, well I know  
How strong it is, and how its pulses flow  
With hot, red blood that throbs and leaps apace.  
Not all my cunning nor my power and place  
Shall long avert the inevitable blow.*

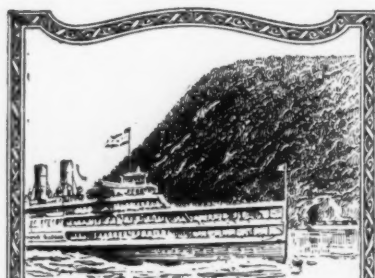
*God! how I hate it, as I feel its breath  
That flames about me. Yet, I smile; my fear  
Shall not be plain. But certain as is death  
I know the fact that ages have made clear,  
The cosmic inescapable cold truth,  
That I shall fall before this monster—Youth!*

ket value. So they abandoned that method of trying to restrict Sunday travel, and concentrated their hopes on new laws in 1717 and 1728, increasing fines and the duration of confinement in cage or stocks.

But if there was any one thing that the Puritan was accustomed and hardened to, it was just such threats; they stimulated rather than deterred. To thwart the law became such a general zest that the legislators later went to the point of creating special inquisitorial missions which had the right to halt and arrest any person suspected of unnecessarily traveling on Sunday.

These unpopular commissions proceeded to make themselves so odious that in the latter part of the eighteenth century they were abolished. Laws against Sunday traveling long remained, but public opinion was so opposed to them that few officials had the zeal to enforce them, and when this happened the courts threw out the cases declaring that no law could be construed to make it a crime to take a walk on Sunday.

**THIS** was the experience of the American people in New England and to some extent elsewhere. Regardless of that experiment and its results, present Sabbatarian and other organizations are insist-



## Hudson River by Daylight

**F**ASCINATING pictures in endless panorama await you at every turn of this wonder trip. There's a new thrill as each turn of the majestic Hudson reveals inspiring views of lofty mountains or delightful vistas of shore. A trip rendered doubly enjoyable by the comforts of the

**LUXURIOUS DAY LINE STEAMERS**  
 "Washington Irving" "Hendrick Hudson"  
 "Robert Fulton" "Albany"  
 and "DeWitt Clinton" (Newest Flyer)

Daily Service between New York and Albany. Also ideal One-Day Outings. Season to October 23. All through rail tickets between New York and Albany accepted. Send 4 cents for literature

**Hudson River Day Line**  
 Desbrosses Street Pier  
 New York



**SEND NO MONEY**

**If You Can Tell it from a GENUINE DIAMOND Send it back.**

To prove our blue-white MEXICAN DIAMOND closely resembles a genuine diamond with same DAZZLING RAIN-BOW FIRE, we will send a selected 1 carat gem in Ladies Solitaire Ring (Cat. price \$4.98) for **Half Price to Introduce, \$2.63**, or in Gents Heavy Tooth Bebeher Ring (Cat. price \$6.26) for **\$3.25**. Our finest 12k Gold Filled mountings GUARANTEED 20 YEARS. **SEND NO MONEY**. Just mail postcard or this ad. State size. We will mail at once C. O. D. If not pleased return in 2 days for money back less handling charges. Write for Free Catalog. Agents wanted. **MEXICAN DIAMOND IMPORTING CO. Dept. LW2, Las Cruces, N. Mex.** (Exclusive controllers Mexican Diamonds)

**SONGWRITERS!** Learn of the demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide," sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 307 Gaity Bldg., N. Y.

**MOTORS 1/4 HP** 110 VAC. 60-C SP. 1750R.P.M. 22.75  
 ALL SIZES MOTORS AND GENERATORS UP TO 5 H. P.  
 Largest exclusive Mail Order Small Motor dealers in the world. Write for bargain catalog.  
 CHAS. H. JOHNSTON - BOX 24 - WEST END, PITTSBURGH, PA.

**PATENTS.** WRITE for illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. **VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.** 813 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Rev. Dr. I. Cochrane Hunt, whose headquarters are at Chattanooga. Each of our State organizations has a traveling staff of speakers; we have about twenty in New York, and other States have theirs. In the whole country there are several score of traveling special speakers connected with the Lord's Day Alliance and affiliated societies who are out every Sunday. In different States we also have field days in which all of the local churches unite. On these occasions there are often a dozen or fifteen volunteer speakers in addition to the regular staff.

**"W**E are also sending out millions of pages of leaflets and pamphlet propaganda. We urge pastors everywhere to bring influence upon the local newspapers to publish our matter, and we are planning to have our own press bureau to supply newspapers throughout the United States. If any disposition is shown not to publish our statements, local ministers will make every effort to see that articles are published bearing on our work. Our publicity matter is intended to arouse people to the perils of a civil Sabbath and the results of a breakdown of religious Sabbath observance. In every State where we are organized we also have our men watching every bill introduced to legalize Sunday motion pictures, theaters, dancing or commer-

cialized sports. We are also opposed to any games or other diversions on Sunday interfering with church services."

Evidence accumulates that Dr. Bowlby's claims of widespread organization are no boast.

Returning recently from a tour through sixteen States, William A. Brady, the motion-picture producer, told how, in opposing blue-law agitation, he had personally seen the effects of this widespread organization.

"I was amazed to discover," he said, "that no matter where I went the arguments were identical, their mode of presentation the same. In every instance these self-appointed saviors of the public soul used the same arguments. They varied hardly a word, and their campaigns merely started with arguments. I saw legislators hooted in the halls of State capitols by organized bands which seemed to me to have been rehearsed for the part they were playing. When so-called reform measures were under discussion in legislative chambers the galleries were invariably packed, and everywhere there appeared to be a clique of iron-palmed men and women who knew perfectly why they were there and operated accordingly. In practically every State capitol that I visited I got the impression that every move made by the self-appointed guardians of public welfare was staged."

## The Watchmaker

(Continued from page 656)

"I am your father. Here are my papers and also photographs. I have changed, but you can recognize me. Here I am with your mother."

"She died eight years ago," the watchmaker said.

The stranger turned pale. There was a deep silence.

"How did you find me?" the son asked, finally.

"Through the directory. Before making any other inquiries, I looked in it. I saw your name and came here."

He paused and began again:

"I was wrong to go away. I was much at fault, very much at fault. But, my boy, I wasn't altogether to blame. The business was going badly. Your mother led me a dog's life. I didn't know what I was doing. It was, as it were, a stroke of madness. I felt the need of liberty, of independence, I don't know what. I had met some people who were planning to start an enterprise in America. They needed an active man, with a little capital. Here things were going worse and worse. I wanted to make a fortune over there.

"I WENT away without telling your mother. She would never have let me go. I promised myself to come back when I made a success. But I didn't make a success. I lost everything. I had to go to work as a common laborer. I went to Australia. I tried raising cattle. I tried everything. And the years went by."

"Why did you come back?"

"Because I am old. Everything has gone wrong. I am worn out. I can't earn a living. And I didn't care to die out there, all alone. I recalled my life here. I thought—I thought perhaps I would be forgiven."

HIS voice choked. The watchmaker remained cold.

"I don't know you," he said. "Perhaps you are really Bernard Borel. But that makes little difference. You are not my father. That would be fine, wouldn't it? You have a wife and a child. They are a burden to you, and you desert them. You run away, without knowing whether they are going to starve or not. And then after many years, you come back, as if nothing had happened. Thanks! That would be fine, wouldn't it?"

He grinned, walked up and down the shop and then returned to the old man and glared at him vindictively.

"Look at me! I am your son, according to what you say. What have you done for me? What do I owe you? I have seen my mother kill herself working to give me bread. As for me, as far back as I can remember, it has been the same thing—work, work, work, like any other laborer. I was ambitious. I should have liked to study, to become somebody. I couldn't, because you abandoned us, and I was left an orphan, without being really one.

"And now you calmly return and want to be coddled and protected, like an honest man who has always done his duty. That would be too easy! It wouldn't be justice. It would disgust those who do what they ought to do. I don't know you. Get out!"

He stopped. His voice trembled and anger tinged his pale face red.

"Where do you want me to go?" stammered the other. "You can't send me off like that. I will be no great expense to you. All I ask is something to eat and somewhere to sleep. I can help you—clean out the shop and do errands.

(Concluded on page 675)

# Racing for "Black Gold"

(Continued from page 665)

As to time, the air route has a decided advantage and will appeal to men who are in a hurry. On the initial flight, with everything unfamiliar, the J. L.-6 planes made eighty-five miles an hour. The steamer trip is a matter of about ten days each way, if connections are good and the portages not too full of delays.

This oil rush into the Top Country, by water and air roads, reminds one that history is a repeater. Twenty-three years ago there was a stampede that was headed, like this, for the North, and like this, too, drew men from all over America. But otherwise that was a differently staged affair.

THE Fort Norman rush is more deliberate and better balanced than the famous Klondike stampede of 1898. As yet, at any rate, it has not reached anything like the same proportions, for there were thousands then to hundreds now. That was a pell-mell scramble by all sorts of men, and every man for himself. It was spectacular in the extreme, and when it had gone past, the overland trail was strewn with tragedies, so eager had been the chase and so hard the way. But now they are going in well-organized and fully equipped expeditions, which are wasting no time about it, yet are moving as if the whole game was by rule. For this reason there is not so likely this time to be an aftermath of mishaps.

The kind of men that are now bound for the North are different, too, from those in any previous stampede. There was heretofore a preponderance of adventurers and gamblers with fate, but the 1921 oil rush is made up largely of picked men with each a definite thing to do. Never was so much science mixed with a chase for underground treasure. To be sure, these scientific men have enthusiasm and daring also, but in the main they are proceeding about their work in a practical, matter-of-fact way that leaves less room for chance than used to be.

ANOTHER point of difference between this rush and that of '98 to the Klondike, for instance, is the fact that the Government oil regulations as now in force are not so framed as to encourage the small operator or investor. It is not a poor man's game in any sense, for added to the high costs of far-North development are official restrictions and requirements that are intended, properly enough, to safeguard the country against wildcat speculation, but that are having the effect in actual practice of holding back investment. Thus it is that the bulk of the work now being started is by large companies that are able to pay the costs.

But after making all such allowances and deductions, it still is a fact that there are adventurers in the Mackenzie oil rush, as there have been in all treasure-hunts, and that along with the Government experts and the representatives of strong company interests are individual prospectors daring to take a long chance for the sake of playing the game. It isn't all science or big business even yet, and the lure of sub-Arctic oil is drawing men in



## Glacier national park Now Open

Enjoy the wild panorama of the Rockies in Glacier National Park. Here is your vacation land supreme—wondrous lakes, glistening glaciers, mighty peaks and trout-filled streams.

Modern hotels and Swiss chalets offer best accommodations. Tours by motor, saddle-horse and launch, by day, week or month. En route to North Pacific Coast, Alaska or California, visit Lake Chelan, Mt. Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks. "Glacier" is your only national park on the main line of a transcontinental railroad.

### SUMMER TOURIST FARES

to Glacier National Park and return direct or by diverse routes on sale June 1 to September 15, to North Pacific Coast and California and return direct or by diverse routes on sale June 1 to September 30—limit, October 31. Tourist tickets in connection with Trans-Pacific lines Steamers to the Orient. Inquire of nearest ticket or tourist agent. Send for Glacier Park Literature.

A. J. DICKINSON  
Passenger Traffic Manager



GREAT NORTHERN  
RAILWAY  
St. Paul, Minn.

A. J. DICKINSON, Pass. Traffic Mgr.

Great Northern Ry., Dept. 34x3, St. Paul, Minn.

Please send literature and aeroplane map of Glacier National Park.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_



## Learn Piano!

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ in your own home, at one-quarter usual cost. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method is endorsed by leading musicians and heads of State Conservatories. Successful 25 years. Play chords at once and complete piece in every key, within 4 lessons. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. For beginners or teachers, old or young. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for 66-page free book, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

M. L. QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio LW-26, 598 Columbia Rd., Boston, 25, Mass.

## Cuticura Soap AND OINTMENT Clear the Skin

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. For samples address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 7, Malden, Mass.

## Why continue to STAMMER?

Send for (free) Illustrated 200-page book. It tells how Stammering and Stuttering can be quickly cured by the most Advanced Scientific Method in the world. Those who are unable to attend our Resident School may obtain our Standard Course for Home Study. Your inquiry will be kept confidential.

THE LEWIS SCHOOL, 70 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

## "A Smart Hotel for Smart People"

Metropolitan in every respect, yet homey in its atmosphere

## HOTEL WOLCOTT

Very desirable for women traveling alone

Thirty-First St., by Fifth Ave. New York



The Wolcott



## WALL-NUTS

By

James Montgomery Flagg

This clever picture, in full colors, 11 x 14, mounted on a heavy mat, ready for the frame, sent prepaid for twenty-five cents.

JUDGE ART PRINT

225 Fifth Avenue

New York City



## BON-OPTO

is a system of treating the eyes at home; is practised daily by hundreds of thousands of people with great satisfaction. The Bon-Opto system quickly relieves inflammation of the eyes and lids. It cleanses, soothes and rests tired, dusty, work-strained eyes and is a help to better eyesight. Ask your druggist. He knows. He will refund your money without question, if you are dissatisfied. There is no other home eye treatment like **Bon-Opto**.

## BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL



Well made and effective; modelled on latest type of revolver; appearance alone is enough to scare a burglar. When loaded it may be as effective as a real revolver without danger to life. It takes standard .22 Cal. Blank Cartridges obtainable everywhere. A Great Protection Against Burglars, Tramps and Dogs. You can have it lying about without the danger attached to other revolvers. Price 60c Postpaid. Better make and superior quality for \$1.00. Blank Cartridges .22 cal., shipped express 60c per 100. LIBERTY SPORTING GOODS CO., Box 782, Dept. 592 CHICAGO

## AGENTS: \$44 a Week

Selling our guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. All styles, colors and finest line of silk hose.

**Guaranteed ONE YEAR** Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Pleasant work. Handsome profits. Sell every day in the year. Often sell dozen pairs to one family. Make permanent customers.

**Everybody Buys Hosiery** Mrs. Schurman averages \$60 a month working spare time. Mrs. McClure makes over \$2,000 a year. Price sold 60 boxes in 12 hours. Noble made \$35 in one day. Act quick. This is the best season of the whole year. Write for Agency and Samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., H-4998 Dayton, O.



## Learn to Dance

You can learn Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and latest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in your own home by the wonderful **Peak System of Mail Instruction**. New Diagram Method. Easily learned; no music needed; thousands taught successfully; success absolutely guaranteed. Send today for FREE information and surprisingly low offer. **WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. B.** Room 78 4737 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.



## ONE GALLON \$3.50 THERMO JUG

Every Autoist, Tourist, Camping, Fisherman or Farmer needs a THERMO JUG that keeps liquids HOT or COLD. Why pay from \$5 to \$10 for a pint or quart bottle when you can get a gallon size for \$3.50? Also made in 2 and 5 gallon sizes. We pay the postage to any part of U. S. or Canada. Order one today at special free literature. **LORENZ BROS. MFG. CO.** Dept. 2 Marshalltown, Iowa

## You can be quickly relieved if you STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 268-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years. **B. N. Bogue, 4225 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. 11th St., Indianapolis**

## SPLENDID CLERICAL WORK OPPORTUNITY

Spare or whole time. No canvassing, good money. Chautauqua Business Builders, Jamestown, New York.

## SALESMEN:

Make extra money easily. Sell our Accident and Sickness policies in your spare time. \$5000 death, \$25 weekly benefit for \$10 yearly. Address **UNDERWRITERS Dept. H-38, Newark, N. J.**

## INVENTORS.

Who desire to secure patents should write for our guide book, "HOW TO GET YOUR PATENT." Send model or sketch and description and we will give our opinion of its patentable nature. **RANDOLPH & CO., 789 "F," Washington, D. C.**

the same way that other lures have drawn, though with modifications.

Probably fifteen drilling rigs will be set up in the Mackenzie field this summer. The Imperial Oil Company, the pioneer in the field, will have five at work; the North Western Oil Company, of Montreal, three out of five that it has sent north; the Mackenzie River Oil Company, of Toronto, three; and other syndicates one or two each. Several American and British oil operators are likely to be in the field a little later, interest in the prospect having been awakened on both sides the Atlantic.

All the drilling to be done this year will be experimental. The field is not yet proven, and before it can be said definitely to be commercially productive more wells must be brought in. At present it is only known that the geological indications throughout a vast area are particularly favorable and that one promising strike already has been made.

**A**T a depth of 783 feet, in a well bored by the Imperial Oil Company some forty miles north of the Fort Norman trading post, a heavy flow of high-grade oil was tapped in the early autumn of last year, and the well gave every sign of being a commercial producer. There was no tankage available, however, nor means of measuring the flow, and after running continuously for forty minutes the well was capped. It was thought to be of about a 200-barrel capacity, but the lay of the land and the way the strike came in make it certain that there are stores of oil inside that will in due course give a production of perhaps several thousand barrels at any one well. Meanwhile, reports of a 5,000-barrel gusher at the first go-off are considerably overdrawn.

Analyses of the Fort Norman oil, which is of dark olive green color, opaque, and without asphalt base, have shown it to be 23.8 per cent. gasoline and 38.2 per cent. illuminating oil. Gasoline for use in airplanes and motor boats in the North will be distilled at the well this summer, but the commercial development of the field will not be possible until the transportation problem has been solved.

**T**HE No. 1 well is within a stone's-throw of the river shore, and some of the new well-sites will be located near by, with at least one on the opposite side of the river. Fifty miles of the river frontage at this point have been taken up, for the initial success at the Imperial well tempted many other prospectors to stake claims. Even before the strike some oil claims had been picked out thereabouts, the likelihood of petroleum in the North having been talked about for years past.

There are believed to be equally good prospects in almost any part of the field, and at one other location, on Great Slave Lake, test wells are to be drilled simultaneously with those at Fort Norman. The same Devonian rock formation of shales and limestone continues to the Arctic coast, and geologists and well-drillers will make further trials within this immense area in an effort to determine the extent of the oil zone.

A great body of bituminous sands, which is just another part of the North's petroleum supply, is exposed on the

Athabasca River, at the southern end of the Mackenzie system. Over a tract of 750 square miles outcroppings of tar occur at hundreds of points, and the river shore is known to be fairly soaked with bitumen, the extraction of which on a commercial basis is now being experimented with. On the Pelican River, a little north again, is a gas well drilled by Government orders in 1898, but abandoned because there was no way to make use of the gas, which was struck in a tremendous flow at a depth of 820 feet. That gas has been running wild ever since, until recently, and many times it has been on fire, giving a flame fifty feet high. The well was finally capped last year, after several unsuccessful efforts.

**I**N the Peace River district, too, there is another vein of oil, which is believed by some to rival that of the Fort Norman field. Several wells are now being drilled in it, small flows of oil have already been struck, and the gushers are expected almost any time. The stage is all set, in fact, for a stampede into this nearer North also, which includes the neighbor fields of Peace River and Pouce Coupe.

The Mackenzie field proper will be a difficult one to develop, by reason of its remoteness. After a commercial supply of oil has been assured, there will still remain a serious transportation problem. If the Great Slave Lake field proves productive it will materially simplify the problem, being 500 miles nearer to market; but in any case railways and pipe-lines will be necessary. Probably from seven to ten years will be required actually to deliver Mackenzie oil and gasoline to the Canadian prairie trade, their logical market.

A pipe-line to bring the oil out from Fort Norman is estimated to cost in the vicinity of \$50,000,000 and will therefore be possible only as a Government undertaking or by powerful company financing. The distances are not at all prohibitive, but time and money will be required to overcome them. As to the location of such a pipe-line, there is a possibility that it may be run across country to tide-water on the north Pacific coast, that being the course likely to be favored by English investors, if they come into the game as now expected. The suggestion sounds a bit like a pipe-dream, especially with the Rocky Mountains to take into account, but it is said that a route through the mountain passes is quite feasible and would have the undoubted advantage of delivering the oil at a seaboard port.

**O**N the other hand, the Mackenzie River itself and the lay-out of the country through which it flows make it likely that the line of transportation by water, rail, or pipe will come south instead of west, with Edmonton as the future refining and marketing center for Western Canada. But the whole question of how to get the oil out to market will have to be settled after the oil has been actually found.

It looks as though the top of the continent is a great petroleum reservoir. The effort to prove it in the next few years will be one of the most spectacular ventures in the industrial development of any country.

# The Watchmaker

(Concluded from page 672)

Keep me till I die. You can't throw me out into the street! I have been at fault. But I am your father."

The watchmaker shrugged his shoulders. He had recovered his self-control, but a pitiless resolution showed in his face.

"I have no father. I had a mother, who supported me and whom I supported afterwards. I did my duty, as she did hers. You—I don't know you! For that matter if I wished to help you, I couldn't. I hardly earn enough to keep alive. All this (he pointed to the clocks) I handle on commission. I am so poor that I can't marry. Get out!"

"Let me stay a few days. I will try to get some employment," the old man pleaded.

The watchmaker made no answer.

The stranger moved toward the door, hesitatingly, as if he expected to be called back. Suddenly he stopped and turned toward the watchmaker, his whole appearance changed.

"I don't know which of us is the worse," he said in a biting voice. "I believe you are. I was a coward long ago. But what you are doing now is even more contemptible."

He left the door and faced his son, who made a vague gesture of defense. The old man smiled disdainfully:

"Idiot!" he cried. "Idiot! All that I told you is true. Except in one little particular. I did succeed in Australia. Do you hear? I did succeed, and I have millions, and a business which brings me a fortune every year. Then, as I grew old, I wished to have a successor. I came from the end of the earth, not knowing whether you were alive or whether I could find you. I came to hunt you up, to give you everything. Now I am going back, and be assured, you will get nothing. I'll make other arrangements."

The watchmaker grinned incredulously.

"I'm not taken in by that," he interrupted. "It's a lie. One has only to look at you."

"Idiot," the other repeated. "I had remorse. But I have none now. Good day. Keep the watch."

The door slammed. He was gone.

The watchmaker stood there with the timepiece in his hand. Suddenly he became livid.

"If it were true!"

He threw the watch on the floor and rushed outside. But in the crowded street he failed to catch sight again of the stranger, who was already lost among the passers-by.

# Rainy Evening

By KENNETH SLADE ALLING

*BETWEEN the sallies of the rain  
The thrushes call and call again:  
The robins chuckle in content  
That has no earthly measurement:  
And one song sparrow in a tree  
Thrills the leaves with his rhapsody;  
And now once more the rain comes down  
And smooths the lines in night's dark frown;  
Bringing a slumberous cadence in,  
Bringing a silver rustling thin,  
As if rain were a silken dress  
Winds wore to hide their loveliness.*

# Shavaid

Makes  
shaving  
easier

FOR men with heavy, wiry beards and tender skin, here is the real beard softener, making shaving a new delight.

You'll experience a genuine surprise when you begin to use Shavaid and you'll join the thousands who wouldn't shave without it.

# Lather is doubly effective

Merely cover the beard with Shavaid. Then apply your favorite lather. No other preparations are necessary, no rubbing, no hot water applications, no waiting. Just shave—what a difference!

Shavaid keeps the skin in condition—no after-lotions are necessary. There's no smarting, no "drawn" feeling. Your face will feel cool and velvety. Try a tube.

At all druggists.

BAUER & BLACK  
Chicago New York Toronto  
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings  
and Allied Products

A  
B&B  
Product

# "LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU"

There are laughs galore in every page of MAURICE SWITZER'S

# SATIRE AND SONG

As a fun maker and all-round gloom dispeller this work is simply irresistible

If a good laugh is better than a dose of physic, then SATIRE AND SONG will actually save scores of doctor's bills

The Author is a New York business man with a keen but kindly outlook on life, and rare sense of humor. He puts his observations of life over the plate in the sort of verse that burns holes in the memory.

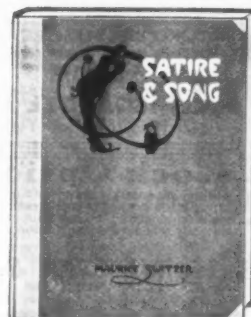
"She Wasn't Over Twenty, But She Knew Her Little Book" pictures a type of the female of the species that will be instantly recognized.

What O. Henry did for some American types in prose Maurice Switzer has done in verse, and no less convincingly.

Kipling himself never did anything better than "Little Jane Horner":

"Had the lady been wood, she might have stayed good  
In the gloom of her beany cell;  
But being just flesh, she got caught in the mesh  
Of desire's drag-net which is hell."

If you want to shine as an entertainer among your friends SATIRE & SONG is better than a night at the Follies.



Only a small edition of SATIRE & SONG, with unique illustrations in color, and in attractive Art Binding (size of volume 8 1/2 inches by 6 1/2 inches), designed for private circulation among the author's friends, has been published. Because of the merit of the book we have prevailed upon the author to set aside a few copies for our patrons whom we shall be pleased to supply at a price representing, approximately, cost of manufacture.

SATIRE & SONG will be sent postpaid to your address on receipt of a \$1.00 bill. But order TODAY. There are only a few copies for general distribution. To get one you must be prompt. Money back if not satisfied.

BRUNSWICK SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY  
225 Fifth Avenue New York City

## SAFE and PROFITABLE

**I**NVESTORS BONDS are SAFE because they are first mortgages on the best city property and are offered by a House of seventeen years' experience, affiliated with one of Chicago's strongest banks.

They are PROFITABLE because they pay 7%—the highest income consistent with safety.

Safe—profitable—free from fluctuation and worry—isn't this an ideal investment combination?

Write for Booklet No. I-126 and details of partial payment plan.

## The INVESTORS COMPANY

MADISON & KEDZIE STATE BANK  
CHICAGO

Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

## THRIFT

Our SYSTEMATIC SAVINGS PLAN of acquiring "gilt-edge" securities of the type acceptable to banks as collateral is one of the most satisfactory aids to savings yet devised.

Write for Booklet No. 10, also INVESTMENT SURVEY S-301.

## Scott & Stump

Investment Securities  
SPECIALISTS IN ODD LOTS  
Stock Exchange Bldg. 40 Exchange Place  
Philadelphia New York  
Locust 6480-5 Broad 1331-3.

## TO-DAY'S OPPORTUNITIES

Time-tested income producing securities to yield as high as 10% may be accumulated through systematic investing of funds under terms of the

### PART PAYMENT PLAN

which calls for a nominal initial deposit followed by convenient monthly payments. Descriptive booklet with copy of our semi-monthly publication

### "SECURITIES SUGGESTIONS"

Will be mailed free on request

Ask for U-3

## R.C. MEGARGEL & Co.

27 Pine Street-New York

## Stock Options

Investigate the advantages and money making possibilities of this valuable method of stock trading. No margin is required and the risk is limited to their first cost. Contracts sold covering any amount of stock.

Descriptive circular L on request.

## S. H. WILCOX & CO.

PUTS AND CALLS

Guaranteed by Members of the New York Stock Exchange.  
233 Broadway Tel. Barclay 5016 New York

## Make Your Money Earn More

Both present conditions and the outlook make it more important than ever to invest money safely and at a liberal rate of interest. Neither consideration should be sacrificed for the other.

Write for bank and investor references and Booklet No. 5-12

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co., Miami, Florida



## THE BACHE REVIEW

Clear, condensed information weekly, on situation in business and financial world. Valuable to investors and business men.

Free on Application

J. S. BACHE & CO.

Members New York Stock Exchange

42 Broadway

New York



## LESLIE'S INVESTMENT BUREAU

Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY are entitled to answers to inquiries on financial questions, and in emergencies to answers by telegraph. No charge is made for this service. All communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed. Address all inquiries to the Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 235 Fifth Avenue, New York, giving full name and exact street address. Anonymous communications will not be answered.

**H**AD deflation of prices in this country occurred evenly and universally, the business situation would today be showing a vast improvement, if not a total recuperation.

It is easy in saddest words to describe what might have been, but wasn't and couldn't have been. Readjustment depended on too many and too conflicting factors to be readily and perfectly effected. We almost always have to take things as they are. Rarely do they go according to the logic or the mathematics or the energy of our desire.

As a matter of fact, we are still quite a long way from rehabilitation and normalcy. Instead of being able to announce a completed decline in price figures, we are obliged to admit that it still has distance to go, and that it presents an irregular and saw-tooth front. The fall continues, spasmodically at least, and it must finally show an even edge and alignment.

Until then, there can be expected no fully concerted movement toward better times in the industrial, commercial and financial world, and no distinct and continuous upward trend in security values.

The consolation and encouragement of the hour consist in the fact that bottom has been touched in the case of many commodities, and that this example is being aimed at in other instances.

There survive standpatters who resist the tendency of the times. But their number is growing handsomely less. Reluctant yieldings to the economic laws are gradually depleting the ranks of the obstructers and the profiteers.

Profiteers! Have we such gentry among us still? Undoubtedly, not a few in the hosts of the retailers. These put forth specious reasons for failing to fall in with the procession of the wise and farseeing dealers in necessities and luxuries.

Obstructers! Yes, all those who refuse to recognize the necessity of accepting less for services in peace than the pressures of war may have justified.

It is the zigzagging—the pulling and the hauling, the lack of intelligent co-operation the bad team work—which accounts for the slowness and irregularity of the nation's return to business soundness, stability, and prosperity.

This unsatisfactory state of affairs cannot be protracted many months longer. It must end within this very year and a general reestablishment of enterprise on a sound basis must ensue.

Then uncertainty will have been dispelled, activity may be confidently en-

tered upon, and a sure, though not at first a rapid, advance all around will be in order.

Industrial peace will then prevail. Old markets will open again and new ones will be created. The land will flourish in accord with its vast resources, and its armies of capable developers of opportunity.

And the future condition of the United States will eventually surpass its most splendid past, and in power and influence and world leadership it will become greater than ever before.

Only the most optimistic prophecies can fit a country like ours. The day is coming when the pessimists will be utterly confounded and they that have faith in the destiny of America will be grandly rewarded for their hopeful patience and steadfast doing.

When the day of new prosperity dawns, may it turn out that no readers of these columns have been caught napping in the midst of the abundant and attractive investment opportunities that are offered them.

**B., FORT WORTH, TEXAS:** Cities Service preferred stock is an excellent and reasonably safe purchase for a small investor for a limited number of shares.

**S., HENDRICKS, MINN.:** It would be safe enough to invest your wife's \$4,000 in Danish municipality 8's, Republic of Chile 8's, Republic of Brazil 8's, and C. B. & Q. joint 6 1/2's. All these bonds have a high rating.

**K., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.:** Officially it is declared that the dividend of the Consolidated Gas Co. will not be impaired by the proposed lowering of charges to consumers. The stock is in the business man's investment class.

**M., PHILADELPHIA, PA.:** The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. 8 per cent. bonds are an attractive business man's investment. The company has probably seen the worst of its difficulties and should hereafter prosper. You might also consider the 8 per cent. bonds of the Governments of Norway, France, and Chile.

**T., COHOES, N. Y.:** Among "baby," or \$100 bonds, which would be suitable for purchase by you, a man of limited means, are N. Y. Central convertible deb. 6's C. C. & St. L. ref. & imp. 6's, Pere Marquette Railroad 1st 5's, St. L. & San Fran. prior lien 5's, San Francisco terminal 1st 5's, and Virginia Railway 1st 5's.

**J., BUFFALO, N. Y.:** The new 20-year external gold loan 7 1/2 per cent. bonds of the government of the French Republic aggregate \$100,000,000 and are among undoubtedly safe investments. The initial quotation for them was 95 and interest, to yield over 8 per cent. The bonds are not callable, and they are protected by a large sinking fund.

**M., COLUMBUS, OHIO:** The Eastern Potash Corp. has declared a dividend on preferred of 7 per cent. for 1921, but nothing on common. The enterprise has possibilities, but is still in the development stage and untested by time. If you hold common stock and have a profit on it, it might be advisable to dispose of it and buy a dividend-paying issue.

**C., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.:** It would be better not to sacrifice your Erie Railroad gen. 4's. Though the collateral behind them is not adequate and the bonds are not high-grade, the interest is probably secure. The bonds at present market price make a better yield than American Tel. & Tel. stock, and it might not be a bad plan to average on them.

**F., FARMVILLE, N. Y.:** United Drug common has merit, for the company is strong and flourishing. Its dividend seems to be secure. It is certainly a good business man's investment at 95, but some investors would rather have U. S. Rubber 8 per cent. preferred, Beth. Steel 8 per cent. preferred, Allis-Chalmers 7 per cent. preferred, Westinghouse Electric common, or American Tel. & Tel.

**R., ST. LOUIS, MO.:** Latest reports of the earnings of the Kansas City Power and Light Co. indicate that the first and refunding mortgage 20-year 8 per cent. gold bonds, series A, are an excellent business man's investment.



# For \$450

Purchase can be made of one share each of 8 listed dividend-paying stocks that will return 32 dividends annually, amounting in all to

**\$46**

so that the return on the investment is slightly

**better than 10 per cent**

The 8 stocks referred to are representative of different lines of industry, thus making for added safety of principal.

Write Dept. LW-55 for descriptive literature on the above which will be sent gratis, together with our booklet "Thrifty - Savings - Investment."

**CHARLES H. CLARKSON & CO.**  
66 BROADWAY, NEW YORK  
TEL: BOWLING GREEN 4020-26

**8%**

**MONTANA First Mortgage FARM LOANS**

Amounts from \$1000.00 to \$3500.00 secured by farms valued from three to five times amount of loan. Write for list of loans and details for buying.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
Plentywood, Montana

**W. S. S.**

Stamps for sale at post offices, banks, department stores, and multitude of other places. **W. S. S.**  
Look for the letters..

## Under this Heading "Free Booklets for Investors"

on this page you will find a descriptive list of booklets and circulars of information which will be of great value in arranging your investments to produce maximum yield with safety. A number of them are prepared especially for the smaller investor and the "beginner in investing."

Earnings show a large margin over interest requirements. The company pays normal Federal income tax up to 2 per cent. and the Pennsylvania 4 mill tax is refundable. The company's business is steadily expanding.

**L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.:** Among stocks which seem to have better speculative possibilities at present than the Goodyear issues are Allis-Chalmers common, Advance Rumely preferred, International Mercantile Marine preferred, American Sumatra Tobacco, Chandler Motor, and B. & O. preferred. All of these are dividend payers.

**M., NEW YORK, N. Y.:** The man who advised you to buy A. B. C. Metals, Carb Syndicate and Alaska Juneau Gold may be a friend, but he is not a very sound financial advisor. A. B. C. Metals is selling at an almost nominal price. Carb Syndicate has possibilities, but is a long-pull speculation. Alaska Juneau Gold Co. was incorporated in 1897, but has paid no dividends. The stock par \$10, is quoted at only \$1.25.

**S., NORWALK, CONN.:** Great Northern Railroad general mortgage 7's, Southern Pacific conv. 4's, Southern Railroad first cons. 5's, American Tel. & Tel. col. tr. 4's, Standard Oil Co. of N. Y. deb. 6 1/2's, U. S. of Brazil 8's, Republic of France 8's, and Wilson & Co.'s 6's are all dealt in on the Stock Exchange, are readily marketable and highly rated, and would form a good diversified investment, in equal amounts, for your \$8,000.

**C., HUNTINGTON, L. I.:** Among recent foreign issues suitable for your investment are United States of Brazil 20-year 8 per cent. external gold bonds. These are not callable. They are exempt from Brazilian taxes and are protected by an ample sinking fund. They are a direct lien on government taxes. The proceeds of the loan, \$25,000,000, will be devoted in part to purchase of commodities in the United States. Brazil is a country of great natural wealth and its credit is high. The bonds were offered at a price to net 8 1/2 per cent.

New York, June 11, 1921.

## Free Booklets for Investors

William H. Herbst, 20 Broad Street, New York, will furnish to any investor his booklet L explaining how puts and calls operate, and showing the opportunities they offer.

The First National Bank of Plentywood, Montana, makes a specialty of 8 per cent. mortgage loans, amounting from \$1,000 to \$5,500 and amply secured by Montana farms, and will send a list of loans to any applicant.

The money-making possibilities of stock options are set forth in Circular L which will be sent on request by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, dealers in puts and calls guaranteed by members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

The National City Company, National City Bank Bldg., New York, has issued a booklet of interest and value to conservative investors. It gives lists of bonds legal for savings bank investments in New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut.

Scott & Stump, investment securities, Stock Exchange Bldg., Philadelphia, and 40 Exchange P., New York, invite correspondence from all persons interested in good stocks and bonds, and who choose to buy these on the partial-payment plan.

The "Bache Review" will be found helpful by everyone desirous of succeeding as an investor or in business. Its information is valuable, its suggestions sound. Get a copy from J. S. Bache & Co. members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Sexsmith & Co., 107 Liberty Street, New York are distributing the second edition of their valuable pamphlet, "Five Successful Methods of Operating in the Stock Market." It was written by an expert and is illustrated with graphs. Write to Sexsmith & Co., on your business or personal letterhead, for D-1.

By the part-payment plan an income-producing securities yielding as high as 10 per cent. may be acquired with comparative ease. A descriptive booklet, with a copy of the helpful semi-monthly Securities Suggestions, will be mailed on request by R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York. Ask for U-3.

Will the railroads ever again, as in the past, become the leaders in the stock market? A review of the railroad situation prepared by Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, gives an answer to this question, and also presents interesting data on a number of railroad stocks and bonds. Copies of this review may be had by writing to Clarkson & Co.'s department LW-54.

An initial payment of \$1 will start one on the path to ownership of 7 per cent. Investors Bonds, which are first mortgage on high-grade city property and well-secured. These bonds are handled by the Investors Company Madison & Kedzie State Bank, Chicago and Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky. They can be had on partial payments. To learn more about them write to the Investors Company for booklet No. 1-125.

All persons who own or contemplate buying railroad securities should learn the present rating of the different lines. E. M. Fu & Co. members Consolidated Stock Exchange, 50 Broad Street, New York, are issuing analyses which will cover 72 railroads, and which deserves wide appreciation. The analyses ready for distribution include Atchison, Baltimore & Ohio, Union Pacific, Colorado & Southern Pacific, and Southern Railway. Apply to Fu & Co., for LW-66.

No man succeeds as an investor who does not acquire a knowledge of fundamental factors involved in securities he would purchase. Dunham & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York, offer to their clients information and advice essential to financial success. They also have evolved a monthly instalment plan available for those of limited means. To obtain the company's special recommendations and special monthly instalment plan booklet, write to it for booklet No. 107-D.

Appreciation of the Miller 7 per cent. mortgage bonds is shown by repeated investments in them by satisfied purchasers. The bonds are based on property worth much more than their face amount. They are in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000, and they mature in two to fifteen years. For the convenience of investors partial-payment accounts are accepted. The company will mail to any address its booklet "Creating Good Investments" explaining the merits of the bonds.



# Two Ways to Business Leadership

Do you want to be a business leader? There are two ways to reach your goal.

**First**, by actual experience in some commercial line. This method has three objections. You may have to give up years to it, you are likely to find your ability limited to one kind of work, and you may not always find it easy to secure association with able executives.

**Second**, by an intensive study of the methods of successful leaders, wherever found. This method results in a well-rounded knowledge of business fundamentals. By learning to apply the principles used by these leaders to your own activities, you advance very rapidly.

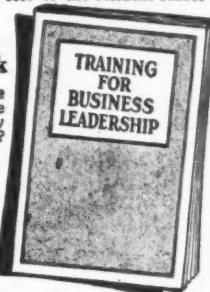
## A Quick Method

Through years of business research, laboratory work, and study of the lives of successful men, specialists of the BABSON INSTITUTE have gathered and put into clear, understandable form the fundamental business information that every man must have to achieve leadership in business. This information has heretofore been revealed only in the classrooms of the Babson Institute through the **Resident School** where tuition is \$2,000 a year exclusive of living expense.

Now, however—through the development of the **EXTENSION DIVISION** of the Babson Institute this training is available through the **Correspondence School** at a fraction of the cost of the resident school tuition.

## Send For This Book

Which way are you going to take—the long way or the short way? You must decide. Our booklet, "Training for Business Leadership," tells you how to make the short way yours. It contains information of extraordinary interest to all men ambitious for success. Full information on all courses. There is no obligation.



**Extension Division, Dept. A239  
BABSON INSTITUTE  
Wellesley Hills, Mass.**

**Extension Division, Dept. A239  
BABSON INSTITUTE  
Wellesley Hills, Mass.**

Please send me free, your booklet, "Training for Business Leadership."

Name.....

Address.....

Business Address.....

Answers All Sorts of Questions

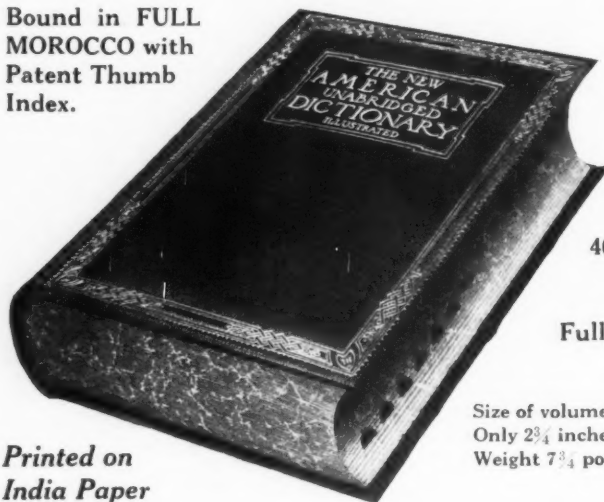
# THE NEW AMERICAN UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY

prepared under the editorial supervision of  
THOMAS H. RUSSELL, LL.D., A. C. BEAN, M.E., LL.B., and  
L. B. VAUGHAN, PH.B.

Assisted by specialists from all parts of the World

With an introduction by  
FRANCIS ANDREW MARCH, JR., A. M., PH. D.  
Professor of English Language and Literature in Lafayette College.

Bound in FULL  
MOROCCO with  
Patent Thumb  
Index.



MARbled  
EDGES

2500 Pages

400,000 Words

Fully Illustrated

Size of volume 11 $\frac{3}{8}$  x 9 inches.  
Only 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches thick.  
Weight 7 $\frac{3}{4}$  pounds.

Printed on  
India Paper

## The Last Word in Elegance and Durability

Besides spelling, defining and pronouncing upwards of 400,000 words, this great modern Dictionary contains the following **ENCYCLOPÆDIC AND EDUCATIONAL FEATURES**: A Dictionary of abbreviations used in writing and printing; of authors and their principal works; of noted names in standard fiction, mythology, legend; of foreign words, phrases, noteworthy sayings, used in current literature. A Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World. A Pronouncing Dictionary of Scripture proper names and place in the Bible where found; of Greek and Latin names; of Biography. Signs used in writing and printing and marks used in proof-reading. Faulty diction, or errors in English speech and writing and how to correct them. One thousand questions answered with the aid of the New American Unabridged Dictionary, illustrating the use of the Dictionary as an Encyclopedia. **THE PRINCIPAL COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL TERMS IN CURRENT USE IN EIGHT LANGUAGES—ENGLISH, SPANISH, PORTUGUESE, ITALIAN, FRENCH, RUSSIAN, DUTCH**, equivalents of English business terms in the leading Continental languages will be instantly recognized by every wide-awake business man.

The hundreds of New Words coined during the Great World War like *Kultur*, *paravane*, *questionnaire*, *Soviet*, *Spartacan*, *Poila*, *fourragere*, *Anzac*—Biographical Entries like *Edith Cavell*, *Clemenceau*, *Lloyd George*, *Pershing*, *Haig*, *Foch*, *Hindenburg*—are all found in

## The New American Unabridged Dictionary It's Up to the Minute

PUBLISHER'S PRICE \$35.00

Our price only \$22.50 on instalment payments. Or send \$20.00 with the coupon if you want to save the cash discount of \$2.50.

We prepay delivery charges.

Money back if not satisfied.

NEVER AGAIN SUCH A BARGAIN.

BRUNSWICK SUBSCRIPTION CO. L-6-18-21  
418 Brunswick Building, New York City

Enclosed is \$1.50 first payment on the New American Unabridged Dictionary, to be shipped charges prepaid. I agree to remit the full special price \$22.50; at the rate of \$3.00 per month following receipt of book. Otherwise I will within five days ask for instructions for its return, at your expense, my \$1.50 to be refunded on its receipt.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

OCCUPATION.....STATE.....

## Between Storm and Dissolution

(Concluded from page 670)

could fancy what Social Democratic land-reformers would think about this!—this great estate had apparently been given as one would give a ring or a cigarette-case.

There was a tomb to Balt officers who had fought against the Russians in the Napoleonic wars. The Germans, coming into the neighborhood in the Great War, at a time when Germany hoped to make these Russian provinces hers, had seen this tomb and its German names and placed an inscription of their own above.

"*Es grussen sich*" it began. "We salute you, Ancestors—children who are worthy of you."

As we read the inscription the daughter spoke: "We used to wonder how war could ever have come here. It was so quiet and so far from the world. And that war should come again . . . here!"

We walked back down the hill, making a slight detour to thank the Jew for his cheese-cake. He was harnessing a team behind his barn—a bright-eyed, bearded, sly-looking old fellow, who began at once, as if it were something expected of him, to gossip knowingly of prices and clever trades. No worries in his head, evidently. Whatever happened to this world in which he had turned a penny here and a penny there without precisely being a part of it, he would land on his feet.

We said our good-byes and turned in early that night, for I was to catch, on its return journey, the same narrow-gauge train on which we had come the night before. It was about two o'clock when the watchman knocked on the shutters and a few minutes later I had crossed the river and was tramping alone through the moonlit fields. From the hill where the path turned toward the station one could see the house on the lowland half veiled in white mist.

IN the Constituent Assembly, meanwhile, in Riga, the debate over the agrarian project became increasingly bitter. The Balt minority spoke of the rights of property, of the danger of reducing production by a wholesale seizure and dispersal of well-run farms, and hoped that the delegates would consider not merely "what Europe would say," but would "themselves be sufficiently European to arrive at a decision that will protect the interests of the country and at the same time not lower the standing of our people in the eyes of civilized Europe." The Left talked of the "700-year tyranny that was now at last to be broken" and exulted that the "dragon was struck through the heart, and lay now at the feet of the Lettish people." The law as finally passed, just as the first frosts were coming, did not fully satisfy the Left, but it was, according to the middle-ground leaders, as conservative as anything the people in their present mood would accept. I had gone north to Reval by that time, and it was several weeks later that I heard that the estate had been taken and the Prince had gone to Switzerland.

# Business Will Boom

and factories reopen—but more money will be needed to enable the wheels of industry and commerce to turn at full speed.

The Legion of Dollar Savers (*a squad in every home*) offers an opportunity to every man, woman and child to invest their savings in the future of the United States of America. Dollars invested through this channel will ultimately promote business enterprise and provide employment for all. Regular saving of a part of your weekly earnings for investment in the new

**\$1 Treasury Savings Stamps** automatically enrolls you as a member of the "Legion."

---

Treasury Savings Securities in denominations of 25c, \$1, \$5, \$25, \$100 and \$1000 are on sale at Banks and Post Offices.

---

## GOVERNMENT LOAN ORGANIZATION

*Second Federal Reserve District*

**120 Broadway, New York City**



